TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I suppose all those who can have gone away somewhere for the summer. I know of nothing more absurd than the migration of the majority of those who feel it to be absolutely necessary to take a trip, or have a cottage, or spend a couple of months in the country. There are few places as favorably situated as Toronto for spending the summer. It never gets very hot here, and when the temperature rises, we have the Island, lakeside parks and excursion steamers galore, and if there is a breeze anywhere, we can find it and get back home at night to a comfortable bed. In spite of this, Toronto people feel that they are out of luck if they can't go away to some seaside resort, or up the lakes, where such discomforts as they would not tolerate at home are the invariable rule. Of course a change of air is a good thing, but is this half considered by those who are on pleasure bent? Those who go up to Lake Simcoe, Georgian Bay and Muskoka, obtain a change of air, for the altitude is some four hundred feet greater; but on the Island, as well as along the shore of Lake Ontario, the change is insignificant and can be had without a change of residence, by taking excursions on the lake.

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In Muskoka, if you have a cottage, the troubles of housekeeping are increased by the distance from the source of supplies and servants are hard to manage. In the majority of the hotels the conveniences are scant, the hotel-keepers inexperienced, the pleasures few and the organization of the guests for the proper spending of the time neglected. Somehow people seldom think far enough ahead to make their summerings as pleasant as possible. If they buy or build a cottage they are tied to the same place year after year and it grows monotonous. The house-boat is the best scheme there is for a summer change. It is cheaper and infinitely more delightful than a cottage. One nicely finished and furnished, with bunks for twelve or fifteen can be built for a thousand dollars, including a sail-boat and pair of skiffs. When you want to use it for a "stag" party it can be towed to the fishing grounds in Georgian Bay early in the season. When the family or two families use it, they can embark at a convenient port, store the larder and icehouse and be towed to some island or tie up near the cottage of some friends, moving away when the impulse of change takes possession of the owners. Two families can easily find room in a house-boat of this sort, using it both together or in rotation. If the ladies are timorous a camp outfit can be taken along and the tent erected on land, or if the party is too large to sleep comfortably on the boat a tent can be used as a sleeping annex, with the boat as culinary headquarters. In this way fifteen or twenty people could explore Georgian Bay and the Muskoka lakes, testing the fishing in bays and rivers and photographing all the points of interest. A ladies school could spend the vacation in botanical, geological and piscatorial pursuits, and if the house-boat idea grew as it ought to, congenial spirits could found quite a village of floating habitations which would not be tied to any locality or company.

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The house-boat is the democratic summer resort. It embodies the idea of change, congenial company and adventure. It is the *creme de la creme* of summering, of unhampered idleness, of having a good time, of the ability to escape from uncongenial surroundings, from unhappy companions. If you want the Thousand Islands for a summer you have only to hire a passing tug to take you there; if a river invites your fancy the steam launch of a friend will tow you to the desired place. It discounts a cottage one thousand per cent. for comfort and in its adaptability to the wants of the hunting, fishing and domestic elements of a family it is the solution of the summer, hunting and fishing problems. Venice with its gondolas, Canada with its canoes, the ocean steamer with its comforts are united in an inexpensive scheme for pleasure and convenience and change of air.

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After all in a scheme for summering what is really the greatest difficulty to surmount? Babies! The time when we want to go somewhere and enable the wife to have a change of scene and circumstance is when there is a youngster so immature that he or she may be expected to yell ten hours out of the twenty-four. A hotel will answer for neither the baby nor the mother, neither the guests nor the proprietor will be happy. The little beggar is teething, we may say. He needs a change of air and a cool temperature. His lungs are good, and he would squall a hotel tired in an hour. What is to be done? His laundry arrangements in themselves are not easy to provide for. A cradle, rocking chair and food are alone difficulties not to be overcome on an excursion steamer or summer hotel. The house boat fixes it; the nurse and the conveniences can be provided, the tent and the squalling can go together, and the most difficult period in married life—how to summer a baby—is settled. Next year I'm going to have a house boat or perish in the attempt, and I advise the boat builders of our lake ports to be enterprising and build thirty or sixty, for they will have easy sale. It is a new idea in this country but a most popular one. On the Thames in England one can see a thousand of them; the love of change and the economics of the plan must make the idea popular here, and I presume there are not twenty now afloat.

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Of all the means of spending a horrible, mosquito-bitten, dyspeptic summer, boarding at a farm house or country tavern is certainly the worst. Those who live in cities are accustomed to comforts which cannot be found in the ordinary country house. In the country hotel you may be sure the city stomach and cultured taste will find no sympathy. A recent experience gave me an opportunity of refreshing my memory with regard to the wayside hostelry. There was no privacy except in my bedroom, I was expected to rise for breakfast at seven a.m., and if I failed to do so a bell was rung every five minutes until I had been disposed of in connection with the morning meal. In every two cases out of three I had to go down to the common wash-room behind the bar for my morning ablutions. In a galvanized iron wash-dish a quart of rainwater could be obtained filled with wrigglers and bad smell. After wetting your face with this fluid, the exciting part of the performance began. A towel of the endless chain pattern hung on a roller, already moist and discolored by frequent use. Perhaps twenty people had already wiped upon it! While the evil-smelling water drips down your neck, you hastily hunt for dry spots on the edges of the revolving towel and even after an exciting quest you are forced to quit before enough unmoistened surface has been discovered to absorb the rainwater, odor and wrigglers which have been taken on in an ill-advised attempt to be clean.

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In the dining-room, breakfast is standing; the pork is cold and crackling; the potatoes watery and gummy; the eggs are fried on both sides, and the coffee boiled and muddy. True, there are pies and marblecake, syrup and preserves, but who can eat such things for breakfast? In the stuffy parlor, rigorously closed to the fresh air and the sun lest flies get in and the sun fade the rag carpet, you sit down to write a letter. The landlady brings in the baby and endeavors to be entertaining. The infant squalls and she unbuttons such an unlimited section of her dress, in order to give the child nourishment, that you feel disposed to take refuge in flight. As the baby smacks his lips and fondles the source of supply, she tells you how hard she has to work and explains the round of duties which makes it difficult for her to spend as much time with her guests as she would like. You hint that you had thought of writing a letter, but she is generous, and assures you that she has a little spell before she starts to get dinner. After she leaves you the landlord brings in the oldest inhabitant, who loads you up with remembrances, and drinks whenever you invite him. Other local celebrities are introduced and drink at your expense, and you are finally persuaded to go out to the barn and see Lord George Clydesdale, an imported horse which is on his weekly tour. His good points are duly explained and the weaknesses of rivals set forth; you are loaded into a buggy and taken to see some of his colts and a couple of imported cattle. After this you buy some more drinks and see the gentlemen of the village form in line before the bar with alacrity whenever you look interrogatively at the proprietor. I tell you it is fun alive.

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Dinner is great. Roast beef cut lengthwise with the grain, cabbage, eggs and pie. Supper, cold beef, eggs, tea and pie. Bed at night stuffed with feathers or pine knots, equally uncomfortable. Pillows always lumpy. Room invariably small, dusty, musty, and closed tight as wax. The world may go ahead, steam, electricity and modern appliances may disturb cities and towns, but what Uncle Charlie Brown calls the "brown sugar tavern" is the same today, yesterday and forever, except that it grows a little worse. Any city person who tries to summer there might as well commit suicide at once.

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There are rules and professors and all sorts of devices to enable us to remember things, but life would be happier if people bent their energies more in the direction of forgetting things. Of course if the man who owes us ten dollars had really forgotten to pay we might hope that a wave of recollection would strike him, but forgetting to pay debts, either financial or otherwise, is a matter of conscience rather than of memory. In sentimental things it were better for people to forget. This is a sweeping assertion and of course open to objections. Think how few they are! Are all to forget the ties of consanguinity, the love and care of father, mother, brother or sister? Certainly not, but are we to care for them simply because they cared for us? Are the sweetest ties of life to be made a matter of paying a debt? Is not the pleasure of doing a loving act often spoiled by the suggestion, that "well, you couldn't do anything else, you've had favors enough and ought to pay some of them back." Possibly, but you should remember that gratitude is not a matter of memory; indeed the French cynic defined it as a lively sense of favors to come. Those who rely on memory for the repayment of favors will be grievously left. *If the favor did not excite affection it will never be repaid.* This is the basis of the whole matter.

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There is a popular idea that fear is a wholesome adjunct of memory, and some unwholesome writers have gone so far as to say that gratitude is the mental attitude of those who are either expectant or afraid. This is wider than the French definition and more truthful. Aside from the element of affection upon which generosity and kindness are based it is absolutely correct. A man or woman who has no love for you, hopes to gain nothing from you, and fears nothing of you, will never strive a hairsbreadth to serve you. Memory has little to do with love; the belief that it has or should have is a disturbing folly. You start in holy horror and feel that I am heterodox and inhuman! No matter what you may call it, I am right. If I have no reason to love you *now* I am apt not to love you. Duty may impel me to be good to you but affection is the basis of duty. The impulse must be founded on something which once made me love you, and which time has been unable to destroy. The recalling of what you did will not stir me to grateful remembrance if the good act is flashed by the lantern of memory on a hard and sterile heart. Memory, indeed, plays but a poor part in life's lovings, and it is well that it is so.

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Think of it! If we were to tie ourselves to the past, if our embraces were to hold nothing but that which began long ago where would we be. I say if we were to cling to nothing but the past, because our arms will not hold all of yesterday and to-day. If we are wedded to yesterday, we are almost forced to close our hearts to the things of now. Why, oh! thou sentimentalist, should I love my wife whose hair is gray and whose face is wrinkled, because she was fair and sweet in her youth? I cannot, you cannot! If I do not love her for what she is now, I have ceased to love her. Why should you or I love the aged father or mother because they were the gentle guardians of our youth? We may argue that if they protected us for ten or twenty years we have already done as much for them and may therefore discard them. We neither desert nor cherish them on any such theory. If we love them we care for them, if we do not we let the parish attend to their wants if they cannot attend to their own. Why do we make sacrifices for our children? Surely not because they have benefited us, nor with an idea that they may support us! Because we love them we try to make their future easier, more pleasant and more independent than our past has been. What has the much-vaunted memory to do with it?

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Memory is the source of some pleasure and of nearly all of our miseries. Comparisons are said to be odious and the most unjust and disturbing comparisons are those we make between the present and the past. It is for this reason that I argue in favor of forgetfulness. If we are having a dull or depressing hour we sit down and look at the past until we persuade

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

ourselves that things were once very much brighter. In this way, we think we find happiness; that the brightness of the past illumines the present darkness, but I'm doubtful if the borrowed light does not make the surrounding gloom all the deeper and more dispiriting. Somehow we have a knack of forgetting the nasty little trifles which kept us from enjoying ourselves and remember only the pretty things—things which at the time were endurable, nothing more. Looking back you may imagine the hills to have been clothed in brighter green, the woods to have been decked in gayer attire, the fields to have been filled with blossoms and the orchards garmented with more odorous blossoms, but as a matter of fact they were dingier than to-day and were hideous with gnarled stumps, ugly log piles and unsightly brush heaps. Keep away from the past, Mr. Man; look not back, Mrs. Woman, if you want to be happy! There is nothing in it.

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This is quite a long introduction, but it is intended to explain the answer I am about to give a correspondent who is anxious to know in what respect the lady who visited me last week was in the wrong and what wives should do whose husbands—once so loving have grown cold.

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Now, my dear woman, you rely too much on this memory business! You thought because you captured a youth, who perhaps had but little knowledge of the world, that your fortune was made. You imagined that "once in grace always in grace." No matter what you did or how you looked he had to love you or be scorned by the world who always loves a lover and hates a recreant husband. You are wrong! Once in grace it is the easiest thing under the sun to fall from it. You have to fight against monotony if your husband is fond of change, against dullness if your husband is smart, against smartness if your husband is dull, against dressing too expensively if he is poor or stingy, against dressing too poorly if he is generous or proud, against being too gay if he is sober, against being too sober if he is gay, against being too domestic if he is social, against being too social if he is domestic, against—but why should I enumerate the phases of life which may keep you apart, the tides which may bear you together?

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Think of what you were when you married him and then think of what he is now. He has changed or else, dear love, the wedding was but yesterday. If he is a man worth worrying over he has improved; if you are not a lazy woman or one of poor judgment or fruitless industry you have changed too. Now, my dear madam, taking note of the change, are you proportionately as worthy of being loved now as you were then? Have you advanced with him? Have you grown away from him or has he grown away from you? If he has distanced you whose fault is it? If he has left you behind in intellectual growth can you blame him if he doesn't think you as lovely as he once did? Didn't you have a chance to grow? You had work and babies, true, but you forgot there was something else; I know men have a better chance but you cannot deny that, except in brutal cases, women have some chance and they grow so much more easily if they have industry and an appreciation of the situation. Well, you let him grow away from you and now you want to live in the past. You want him to remember how sweet he once thought you! How he raved over your beauty—now gone—how you loved him to be the brave lion and you the timid lamb.

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Things have changed. He does not now find you companionable. Why? Because when he desires to talk to you about politics, literature, public events, business and his ambitions, you always insist upon directing the conversation to household affairs, expenses, dresses, the children, and the petty things of your circle of feminine friends. For a long time he may have stood this without complaint. Then he may have shown signs of discontent, then petulance, a little later may have asked you to drop it, still later asked you if that was all you knew, finally got up and put on his hat and gone out when you began your evening speech. When he first dropped you a hint that a little of that sort of thing was enough, that sufficient to keep him posted in domestic affairs was all he wanted, you should have cast about you for more entertaining topics. You might know that no man who was mentally growing would put up with fare so starving to all his faculties as you are offering him. Even if you were both fond of that sort of thing, don't you know that you should not be satisfied with it; that it is your duty to build yourself up mentally, and despise over-the-fence conversations with the neighbor in the next backyard. When you got married you dropped your music—thought you could not afford to buy the new songs, or spare time to learn pretty accompaniments. Perhaps your husband wanted to earn to sing and you could not be bothered helping him to acquire that accomplishment. May be he had a notion of studying some language and desired you as fellow-student, but you had no time. There are a thousand ways in which a woman may become her husband's companion and the one he will prefer of all others, and yet not five women in ten are clever enough or industrious enough or appreciative enough to seize the opportunity of becoming their husband's chum, classmate and companion. This is the whole secret of wedded happiness. A husband and wife are sometimes so made for one another that a cultivation of their companionable instincts is unnecessary. It is seldom. In the majority of instances it is partly at least the woman's fault. Like Martha she is cumbered with much serving, and thinks there is nothing better or indeed nothing further than good housekeeping and wifely obedience. As a matter of fact these are but the fundamental principles, while true companionship is the crowning glory of wedded life. If it is lacking at home it will be sought elsewhere. I have known men who were not as faithful to their homes as they might have been for many years who, when their family had grown up and the companionship lacking in the wife was found in sons or daughters, became model fathers though they had not been model husbands. Of course this applies to husbands as well as wives, because wives very frequently find their husbands uncompanionable. It is not so frequent however. A woman who once loves a man is able to retain her affection and to live upon the memory of the past much better than a man is. Yet the husbands who have wives capable of the highest companionship and do not educate themselves up to the point of enjoying it, are losing the greatest treasure God ever gave to man.

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The way to make the present brighter is not by moping over the past. It is one of the most disagreeable habits on earth, and surely away from this earth nobody ever mopes or whines or makes odious comparisons about how things used to be. Nobody ever does this sort of thing who has the instincts of success, the energy to try to change things which are wrong, the composure, the self-containment to conceal what is disagreeable and to endeavor to change the channel of the stream which is now making a desolate swamp of life and to divert it between pleasant banks to turn the mill wheel of prosperity and contentment. Quit groping after something you think you have lost, broading over things which cannot be awakened to new life, get new friends, be lively, remembering that:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone."

Begin now. To change your habit will be as hard as for a drunkard to reform, but recollect that reformation is just as necessary. It will be a hard fight, but it will be worth the effort. If you cannot do it any other way and you have children make them the link between the wife and the home, or the husband and the home. They seldom fail. If your habits are so disagreeable and eternally fixed that you cannot change them, you can at least shape their lives so they take the place that you might have had, and to a certain extent restore the affection that you have lost.

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Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$54 25
Mrs. J. Abrahams	1 00
A. G.	50
Total	$55 75

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Toronto bids fair to gain the evil reputation of Belfast as a center of sectarian bloody feuds and disturbances between those of opposing creeds. The effect of the religious bigotry and the bitter persecuting spirit which was quite unnecessarily introduced into the Equal Rights agitation by hot-headed parsons and scheming politicians anxious to fan the flames of discord in order to boil their own pot, is being experienced in the street outbreaks of this week. The ruffians who break each others' heads by way of showing the fervor of their attachment to a religion which inculcates peace and good-will are by no means the most blameworthy. They are merely putting into practice the teachings of the fanatical pulpiteers and popularity-hunting platform orators who for the last year or two have been vying with each other in the vigor and bitterness of their denunciations of "Rome" and raking up all the scandals—true or false—which have transpired in the history of the church in other lands and times in order to excite animosity against the Catholics of to-day. The men of comparative intelligence and education, who have perverted so far as their influence extended, the Equal Rights movement from its legitimate political object into a crusade against a locally unpopular creed, are the real culprits and are far more worthy of a term in the Central Prison than the ignorant, fanatical dupes who, excited by their teachings, take to stone throwing and mobbing processions. They may disclaim the responsibility as loudly as they please, but nothing is more certain than that the brutal violence of the street mobs is the direct outcome of the inflammatory anti-Catholic sermonizing and platform-ranting which has been so much in vogue lately.

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No class of citizen are more interested in the suppression of this form of rowdyism than those Equal Righters who wish to keep the movement true to the original intention of its promoters and wish to make it not the instrument of hostility against a creed, but the means of effecting needed political changes. There is no necessary connection between a movement conceived with the noble object of repelling political aggression on the part of an ecclesiastical corporation and a riotous and lawless crusade against men of a different faith in the exercise of their legitimate rights as citizens. But the public cannot make fine discriminations, and when they see men prominent in the Equal Rights movement going out of their way to assail and vilify Catholics on account of their creed or nationality, and note that such teachings are followed by riot and disorder, the result is likely to be a reaction against the whole movement. The average citizen whose quiet is disturbed and whose business is interrupted by faction fighting is likely to regard a Jesuit grant by the Quebec Legislature or undue privileges to the French and Catholic element in educational matters as of considerably less importance than the maintenance of law and order. Should the cause of Equal Rights suffer in public estimation by reason of the rowdyism engendered by fanatical appeals to the baser passions of an ignorant class of men on the part of men who ought to know better and probably do, it will not be the first righteous cause which has been ruined by hot-headed extremists who have foisted themselves upon it.

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It is to be hoped that the fellow calling himself "Jumbo" Campbell will get his deserts at the hands of the law or at least that his blackguardly performances in the Queen's Park, which are a direct incentive to riot and outrage, will be suppressed. There ought to be no squeamishness on the part of the authorities on the ground of interference with the right of free speech. The freedom of utterance ought to be jealously guarded, and if a point is to be strained either way it should be in the direction of latitude. But by no reasonable construction can the right of free speech be held to include the right to bawl out obscenities within the hearing of a mixed throng of men, women and children. The "religious" contention is if anything an aggravation of the offence against public decency. The telling of ordinary, secular filthy stories is not half as bad as the outpouring of the sewers of scandal under the thin pretence of sectarian controversy with the sure effect, if not the deliberate design of irritating and provoking the adherents of the creed assailed. The nuisance has become intolerable and ought to be stopped at once.

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The defeat of nearly all the money by-laws submitted to the electors on Wednesday indicates a growing restiveness on the part of the ratepayers under the burden of increased taxation. This feeling, which is natural enough considering the unduly rapid increase of the city's debt, was carried too far in regard to the items for improving the water works service and effecting other needed and permanent works. The consequence will be an increase in the current rate of taxation to meet such of these as cannot longer be deferred. As to the $200,000 grant for the University, its defeat was a foregone conclusion. The spirit in which the University has systematically acted towards the city has engendered a widespread feeling of irritation bordering upon hostility towards the institution. It was felt that in taking advantage of a technical point to drive a Shylock bargain with the corporation the University had exhibited a greedy, grasping disposition, and was not entitled to further favors at the hands of the citizens. It is to be regretted that the opportunity of the University needs was not seized to come to some arrangement with them by which liberal aid would be granted to rebuild on condition of their handing over to the city a portion of the land which they now contemplate selling for building lots. The Council might very well have taken the position that any grants made the University should be in return for equivalent concessions in park land. Had this ground been taken, the by-law would have been on a different footing and would probably have carried. But the public are in no temper just now to give the University any more favors. That the University is an ornament and attraction to Toronto is quite true. But it also true that the growth of Toronto gives to the University in the shape of "unearned increment" in its real estate a very large income, present and prospective, so that the balance is largely in our favor.

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"This is a wicked world," so people say. Now is it? If as bad as it is painted would the C. P. R. be satisfied with the Esplanade? Would they steal the whole town?

Wouldn't the Street Car Franchise Enquiry-Corkscrew-Delegation have included the whole Council with instructions to take $12,000,000 and never come back?

Would't the Mimico boomers ask $100 a foot and promise 500 factories in 3,000,000 of a population?

Wouldn't the Belt Line tunnel the graveyard instead of using the monuments as trestle work?

Wouldn't the Mayor proclaim himself perpetual dictator instead of being an unterrified candidate for everything within sight?

Wouldn't Gee Em Rossbertson abolish the "hull thing" at the end of his term as having finished its work by having "put him there?"

Wouldn't Eh King Car-nigh-val-Dodo have himself crowned the Jumbo of the June Freshest of Fun and ask for the new City Hall as a private residence?

Wouldn't Peter Ryan kill Muldoon and divide his clothes between Fogarty and Cahill, and register him as an Irishtoo?

Wouldn't Sheriff Mowat appoint his father a bailiff and give him a chance to make something?

Wouldn't Hon. Education Ross freeze out his partners in the school-book monopoly and become a millionaire himself?

Wouldn't Rupert O'Mercy Wells ask to be made Minister of Railways instead of C. P. R. Senator?

Wouldn't Capt. James Bejoyful Boustead be simultaneously on seventeen sides of a question at once, instead of on only three?

Wouldn't Engineer Jennings ask Van Horne for an increase of salary?

Wouldn't Biggar let Sam Blake do all his work?

Wouldn't E. A. Macdonald sit up nights to talk about himself?

Wouldn't Mercier——?

Wouldn't Sir John——?

In fact, wouldn't we all be worse than we are if this were a really, *really*, wicked, *wicked* world?

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That was a curious cave which was reported to have occurred at Long Branch last Sunday. A party sailing from Oakville to Toronto, driven to seek shelter by stress of weather, put in to Long Branch wharf. Here, according to the account published, they were met by a man who told them they must not land there, ostensibly because it was Sunday, and threatened them with arrest if they did not immediately get out. As it was a case of risking death against risking arrest the party preferred the latter and remained, in spite of the protests of the over-zealous guardian of Sabbath observance, until the weather moderated somewhat. As it was, by leaving this inhospitable shore too soon, they came within an ace of being drowned. One cannot but be surprised at the motives which could induce any man in his sober senses to perpetrate an act of this kind. When it is done upon a religious plea, however, it can be readily understood that it is the action of a man so wrapped up in the observance of the forms of a creed as to be totally oblivious to the great first principle of Christianity. Supposing that party had put out into the lake again as ordered and had been drowned in consequence, I wonder if this Levite would be able to lay the flattering unction to his soul that he had done his duty and would receive his reward for assisting in bringing merited judgment on the heads of sinners. Such ideas belong rather to the days of the stake and the rack than to the present. T.

Information on Tap

"Mr. Jones, who was Plutarch?"

"He was the god of the infernal regions. He wrote poetry, and was celebrated for his attentions to Laura."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Social and Personal.

A pretty little wedding took place at St. Thomas' church at 8 a.m., on Wednesday morning, Rev. J. C. Roper, rector, officiating. The contracting parties were R. Perceval Rutherford, youngest son of E. H. Rutherford of Northfield, Toronto, and Edith Arnoldi, youngest daughter of John M. McFarlane. The bridesmaid was Miss Emily Yorston, a cousin of the bride's and daughter of John C. Yorston the wealthy publisher of Cincinnati. Dr. Gowan Ferguson of Sherbourne street officiating for the groom. The bride and bridesmaid wore handsome traveling costumes and it is needless to say looked charming. The happy couple left at 9.30 for Montreal, Old Orchard Beech and Boston, amidst a storm of rice and good wishes.

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An ingenious Englishwoman, Mrs. Constance Amelia Hawthorne of Brabourne Hall, Wirksworth, is ambitious to emulate the fame of Miss Macnaughten, who is credited with having introduced croquet into good society in England at a lawn party given by Lord Lonsdale in 1852. This lady has invented a new game called The Colors, which was tried with great success in Inner Temple Gardens. The game is said to derive something from croquet, something from the dignified graces dear to the *grande dame* of the last century and a good deal from the clever wits of the inventor.

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Mrs. John Worthington of Queen's Park and her daughters, Mrs. Elwood and Mrs. Kelghley, and their families are spending the summer at Aurora Point, Muskoka.

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Miss Warder of St. Vincent street is the guest of Mrs. Worthington at Aurora Point.

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The death of Mr. Walter Gibson Cassels last week removed a prominent figure from the financial circles of the city. Mr. Cassels was married in 1852, at St. George's church, to Adelaide Victoria, youngest daughter of Larratt Smith of Southampton, England, and sister of Larratt Smith, LL.D., of Toronto. The surviving members of the family are the deceased's three sons, five daughters and one brother, Mr. Richard S. Cassels. Of the sons, Mr. Larratt Cassels is in the Dominion Bank, Mr. Cyril Cassels in the Bank of Montreal and Mr. Duncan Cassels in the Bank of Hamilton. The daughters are unmarried, with the exception of the eldest, who is the wife of Mr. Walter Darling, inspector of the Dominion Bank.

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Mrs. George Evans and family of Grange avenue, Toronto, are spending a few weeks at Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

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Miss Church of Essex Centre, who has been holidaying in Western New York, spent a week among friends in the city before visiting relatives in Peel County.

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The social sensation of the week in Hamilton has been a bouncing baby show.

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Mr. and Mrs. L. O. P. Genereux with Master Garnet of Spadina avenue, after a two weeks sojourn at Alexandria Bay, left the city Tuesday morning for Beaumaris, Muskoka, where they purpose spending the balance of the heated term.

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Mrs. Thomas Allison and daughter left last week for White Mountains and Old Orchard Beach; they will not return until October.

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Mr. J. A. Culverwell, jr., read the service at the Church of England mission at Fairbank last Sunday morning. Mr. Creswicke, the Trinity student in charge, being absent on his vacation.

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Among the guests who are spending the summer at Prospect House, Port Sandfield, are Mr. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. J. S. Robertson, Mrs. and Miss Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Prof., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. Goodeve, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McAndrew, Major Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McWilliams, Miss McDonell, Mr. J. H. Ince, Mr. J. T. Thompson, Mr. J. R. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McLean, Mr. Billett, Mr. F. McPaillips, Mr. J. Stanley, Mr. J. Mont. Lowndes of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. and Miss Osborn of Hamilton.

*

The Saturday evening hops at Lorne Park continue to be appreciated by the cottagers, hotel guests, campers and visitors who enjoy that form of amusement. Among the visitors who were invited to participate last Saturday evening were Mrs. and the Misses Downs, Mr. Cecil Downs, Mr. and the Misses Stewart, and Mr. Oldwright, who are camping a short distance west of the park on the lake shore. Also the following party who drove up from Long Branch: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Somerville, Mrs. George McDonald and family, Mrs. Carveth, Dr. and Mrs. Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bertram and family, Mr. Fenton, Miss Hallworth, Mr. and Mrs. George A. MacAgy, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bayley, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Geddes and family and guests, Mr. Alfred H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. George Stanway, Mr. and Mrs. Riches, Miss Hatch, Mr. Hall and Mr. Irwin.

*

Mr. J. Tytler of Murdoch & Tytler returned to the city on Wednesday, after a month's stay in Muskoka.

*

Mr. Will White of Hamilton, returned home Wednesday, after a short holiday at Ilfracombe, Muskoka.

*

Mrs. and the Misses Milne, Miss Gellatley, Mrs. J. Tytler and Mrs. Will White of Hamilton are summering at Holcombe Cottage, Ilfracombe, Muskoka.

*

Mr. John Beaty and Miss Cassie Beaty of Parkdale left last Friday for a month's sojourn

(*Continued on page Eleven.*)

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playtner, one of the most skilful watchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*

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Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

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Is building an elegant

New Dancing Academy

At 102 Wilton Ave. It will be ready by September 1, on which date he will begin his Thirty-second season. Classes for Ladies, Juveniles and Gentlemen.

Observe: Free instruction will be given to the first one that registers after 8 p.m. Monday. Also to every pupil in the first-class will be given two copies of choice piano dance music. New round dances—"Waltz Minuet," "Zig-Zag," "Redowa Schottische," L'Envers.

102 Wilton Avenue, cor. of Mutual Street

HAREM

(Not the Sultan's)

CIGARETTES

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The Finest Turkish Cigarettes

IN THE MARKET.

TRY THEM

How the World Wags.

Average Man—What has become of that old fool, Wilkins? Used to call himself a colonel, or something.

Citizen—He happened to own a piece of land on which oil was found, and is now rich. Lives in a palace on the avenue.

Average Man (some hours later)—Hello! That looks like General Wilkins.

Another Citizen—Yes, that's the general. Do you know him?

Average Man—Yes, indeed. The general and I are old friends.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Boudoir Gossip.

The real boudoir gossip of this weather is a series of half-meant maledictions on the heat and requests for the best way of making cooling drinks and keeping men good-natured on cold meats, but that kind of gossip, while certainly relieving to the over-charged feelings and necessary for culinary triumphs, is not the best kind to use exclusively, and so shall we chatter about a few things outside?

I witnessed yesterday a most amusing incident, which made one think of bacon, so well-mixed were the alternate strips of downright ludicrousness and severe embarrassment. A woman boarded a car, after some time spent in talking to the driver with the point of a parasol, and after jolting along for a little while she found her purse and began to search for car fare. She looked at first calmly, then anxiously, then frantically. With a last hope look on her face she turned out a multitudinous array of papers and the dear little scraps of everything which we women hoard up in our purses, but the most thorough examination failed to reveal any money or car tickets. She looked up with a murmured phrase on her lips, colored away back through the thin hair on her temples, pulled the bell, and after a moment's apologetic conversation with the driver, hurried out of the car. Wasn't it dreadful, oh my sisters? I wonder if she did not at least forty times in those two minutes, wish she had the nickel she spent for a big pear that morning, or that she had missed the horrid car and all the rest of them. Poor little red-faced woman, I pitied her, and yet, dear me, money is always melting away, and one may be pardoned if one has forgotten the exact state of the want thermometer for the few days preceding. An empty purse is a nuisance, and if one can only arrange to carry a nice little bill snugly tucked away for emergencies, the feeling of relief and comfort will more than overbalance any little economies incident to its gathering together.

•

It would seem as if all the parasols which have been clumsily sat upon and broken, would cry out in heeded warning to the careless ones of to-day. But it is not so. Women will lay their sunshades on the seat behind them, in car and carriage, and they will have them broken just so long as they persist in putting them out of their hands. One parasol lesson insured the lives of all succeeding ones for me. A very fat man sat down on it very hard, on a steamboat, and when I reached Toronto and was trotting up Yonge street, I opened my parasol, put the sun in eclipse as far as my head was concerned, and a moment after found that I was holding the stick, with the useful part of my little sunshade lying in the dust. Moral: Don't put your parasols where any one can sit on them.

•

I had a nice little letter from a nice little woman the other day, in which she bemoaned her sensitiveness. Of course it is well known that overly sensitive people are miserable; but did it ever occur to my easily-wounded friends that the naughty little plant pride is to blame for a good deal of the pain which a too-finely organized mental temperament causes. Do not accuse vanity, or the desire to be well thought and spoken of, for all the wounded feelings. Sometimes it is the kind little heart that is hurt. In our blundering fashion we often heedlessly and thoughtlessly say and do things which some one misconstrues, and a sharp look or a coldly-worded sentence seems to prick out much of the sunshine from our hearts. We are not then wounded through vanity, but because some one misjudged us, and we want not their admiration, but their kind friendship. We "would not hurt them for the world," we think in exaggerated phrase, while we sigh a little, patch a truce and go on—just the same! No—more carefully.

•

Honestly I think I dislike a crowd as heartily as one could who did not entertain a bloodthirsty regard for them. I sometimes, however, do get caught in one, and it is rather amusing to study human nature when it is on the point of doing all sorts of desperate and uncomfortable things—to plant its foot one-sixteenth of an inch nearer the gang-way of a boat. There was a big man in front of me who exclaimed at intervals in loud-voiced disapproval: "This is very badly managed!" He was not half as annoying though as the careless individual who elbowed his way off the boat, and exclaimed in discouraging tones: "No use pushing—you can't get on till we all get off." Whom did he mean? Is there ever any person who "pushes" in a crowd? I never could find him. They all disclaim everything of the sort, with a decided inflection which leaves one very uncomfortable to think that such a very erroneous idea could possibly have entered one's mind. I found it so on this particular afternoon, for when I politely informed a man near me that his valise was crowding me to a very uncomfortable degree, he very suavely assured me "he wasn't pushing, and couldn't in the least help it." Perhaps I am very vindictive, but I did want space enough to crowd my elbows out in that man's direction. By the way, did it ever strike you that a man always "paws" in a crowd and a woman "elbows."

•

Going out Queen street in a car quite recently, I took notice of the awkward way in which a whole carful of people descended to the ground. The recognized fashion is to face the front and step off with a forward inclination of foot and figure, while the inside hand steadies the body by a firm grasp of the rail.

In such a position a jolt or sudden start can do no harm, and a woman can do these things as well as a man, if she only chooses to try.

A rather pleasant-faced girl whose tightly curled hair and dark cast of complexion betokened African descent, made the most graceful exit. The almost-emptied car was going rather slowly when she suddenly disappeared, with such lithe bending of her well-formed figure that all eyes were turned admiringly towards her. Very quickly too, it was done. One moment she was in the the car, in a few more she was walking down a side street, erect, yet with a most unassuming dignity.

•

On one of the lake boats the other day, I was much interested in a couple who seemed very much to each other, though they were neither young nor lately wedded. He was all attention to his wife, and the points of interest, the coming thunder shower's threatenings and the grand display of cloud and glare, were all shared with her in a tender and simple fashion.

The married love which shows itself in these little things when hair is gray and shoulders droop, must have been the genuine article so often jocularly referred to as "all wool and a yard wide."

•

How general the love for flowers is! I do not mean the love that leans toward grand display, but the heart-feeling that cherishes the dainty blooms, and weaves from their shy faces or faint perfume a story which lies perhaps in the half-forgotten past.

Our tastes change, I think, as we grow older. The little ones are not careful in their choice, and baby eyes look just as lovingly on the dandelion or the mayweed as on the moss-cupped rose.

Later the growing girl finds the tramp excusing darlings of the wood or marsh far more beautiful than those culled in commonplace fashion from door yard shrub or petted plant.

The poetic posies suit best the taste of the maiden for whom life is broadening, and with tender eyes she gazes into the depths of the violet bell or lays away between the pages of some heavy book a cluster of heliotrope or a wise-faced pansy.

Then there are the bridal blooms—the dear half-opened buds, and blowing sweet-breathed blossoms that crown the trusting woman who says "I will," to the solemn question which marries hearts and lives.

Around our dead too we lay flowers—and my heart reaches out to those who follow the dear custom. Not in wired clusters, not in fanciful designs or tortured wreaths, but in the majesty and beauty of their natural state, free to shed their perfume and droop their pretty heads if they will, I like to see them laid about those who have gone from us. They are like human life, out of correspondence with their environment, they fade and are gone as we will fade and die and their only existence is in our memories.

CLIP CAREW.

The Scarecrow.

It was a regular scarecrow man,
Made on the old and well-known plan—
A cross of sticks in a garb forlorn,
That stood on guard in that field of corn.
And, indeed, it made the old farmer smile
As he put it up, and whistled the while;
It would look to the crows so very ferocious,
So truly astounding and atrocious,
That it tickled his fancy to think how they
Would catch a glimpse and flutter away.

Well, two black crows sat off on a tree,
And the young crow said to the old one, "See!
Now, what is that frightful thing out there?
It's enough any honest crow to scare!"
But the old crow chuckled and then looked wise,
Shook in his feathers and winked his eyes;
Something tickled him, but if 'twas a joke
His voice didn't show it a bit when he spoke,
As looking down at the younger crow,
He said: "What is it? Ah! don't you know?

"Why, that, as we wise ones all suppose,
Is the special patron saint of the crows!
We watch for his coming every year
To tell when the feast of the corn is here.
See how he stands with his arms stretched out!
He is calling the crows from all about!
Such a kind invitation is most alluring—
So very cordial and reassuring!
I think we had better accept—don't you?"
And down to the field of corn they flew.

Camping—Canada's National Summer Outing.

In the Springfield *Republican* Adirondack Murray rhapsodizes as follows on the pleasures of camp life:

"There is no other word in the vocabulary of our language so suggestive of rare and pleasant conditions of living as camping. It is more than a mere word; it is a symbol as well. It stands for a class of experiences so fresh, novel, and healthy that it is beloved by imagination and memory alike. It is so truly a method for many of us that in it, as in a glass, we see trees, the shores of lovely lakes, the banks of quietly flowing rivers, wooded islands around which the waves run caressingly, beaches of gleaming sand, and ranges of lofty mountains. In it, also, are cabins of bark, camp fires that crackle and blaze and flare red lights high up amid swaying branches and widely out in a great circle through the dark forest. And in the word are faces and forms that have been companions with us in our forest wanderings, some of whom are with us to this day, and other ones that are not now with us, nor will they ever be again on this earth, and, alas! we know not where they are.

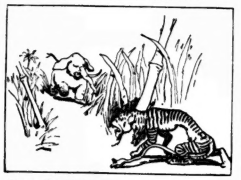
"Not only is it a word for the eye, but it is equally a word for the ear, for in it are the sighing of zephyrs, the soft intoning of slow-moving night winds, the roaring of strong gales, the moaning of tempests, and the sob-bings of storms amid the wet trees. The loon's call, the splash of leaping fish, the panther's cry, the pitiful summons of the lost hound, the slashing of deer wading among the lily pads, and the soft dripping of odorous gums falling gently on the pine stems, listening to which in silence and sweet content, we, who were lying under the fragrant trees, like happy and weary children, have fallen gently asleep—all these sounds live in the word as music lives forever in the air of heaven, being a part of it.

"And in it, too, are human voices, songs, laughter and all the happy noises of merriment and frolic. No other phonograph is like to it. The happy hunter's proud hurrah over the captured game; the songs around the camp fire under the stars in the hush of evening; the stranger's hail; the guide's strong call to breakfast, a heavenly sound—the flute's soft note across the water on a still night; the cheer on reaching camp, and the murmured farewells at leaving; verily, it is a vocal word, and all the sounds that come from it are melody.

"Dear word, sweet word, keep vocal to my ears until they cease to hear, and mirror to my eyes until they see no more the fair, the sweet, and the honest faces that out of the dear old camp, that we have builded in so many parts for so many years, now look forth upon me as out of many heavens. For if there be a better heaven than a well-placed camp with a wisely assorted company of honest and cheerful folk, I know not how to find it in my imagination, nor that passage of Revelation that tells of it.

"To all that camp on shores of lakes, on breezy points, on banks of rivers, by sandy beaches, on slopes of mountains, and under green trees anywhere, I, an old camper, a wood lover, an aboriginal veneered with civilization, send greeting. I thank God for the multitude of you; for the strength and beauty of you; for the healthiness of your tastes and the naturalness of your natures. I eat and drink with you; I hunt and fish with you; I boat and bathe with you; and with you by day and night enjoy the gifts of the good world. Kneeling on the deck of my yacht, stooping far over and reaching low down to fill to the brim the old camping cup that, longer than the lives of some of you, has never failed my lips, and holding it high in the bright sunlight, I swing it to the circle of the horizon, and standing bareheaded, with the strong wind in my face, I drink to your health, oh, campers, whoever and wherever ye be. Here's health to you all and long life on the earth and something very like camping ever after."

A Case of Unearned Increment.



Tiger—I'm little—

But, oh my!—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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We are prepared to plait skirts in the new "Parisian Plaiting" any length up to 48 inches. Price, 40c. per plain yard. Children's Skirts and Capes, 25c.
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N. B.—The only place in Canada where "Parisian Plaiting" is done.

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DAVIS BROS.
THE ONE PRICE JEWELERS
130 Yonge Street

His First Sight of a Cigarette.

Mr. Jervis—Gimme another one, Luke.
His Son (home from Amherst)—Why, father, you've had six in less than half a minute.
Mr. Jervis—You don't expect a man to fill his pipe with jest one 'r them little packages of that terbacker, do yer!—*Judge.*

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" " ..... " 1.00 " .75
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A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

ABOUT BUTTER
Good, sweet, hard butter is the most important adjunct of the table. The very article you want is to be had at Shaver's, 244 Yonge Street, in neat 2 lb. boxes—an entirely new idea. Try one.
THE GEO W. SHAVER CO., Ltd.
244 Yonge Street
Telephone No. 1859.

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE—LADIES WHO HAVE trouble in keeping their hair in curls during the hot weather should secure one of Armand's Pompadour Frontpieces, which would save them trouble and time in curling their own hair half a dozen times a day. The hair in this style is entirely off the forehead, except a few curls on the side, and decidedly preferable to the regular bangs, keeping the forehead cool and uncovered. ARMAND'S POMPADOUR FRONTPIECE is much lighter and easier looking than this cut shows. Price $3, sent post free on receipt of that amount in any part of Canada and United States. Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade. NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR! Quickly dissolved and removed with the new solution MODENE, and the growth forever destroyed without the slightest injury or discoloration of the most delicate skin. Discovered by accident. Price $1.50 and $2.50; 5c. extra if sent by post. TRANCLE ARMAND, Hair Dresser and Perfumer, 407 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Another package of BELLEEK to hand.
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new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effects for days, and is proof against wet or wind—a long-felt want, and will prove itself invaluable to every lady.
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THE MANUFACTURER
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Fred Armstrong Plumber and Gasfitter
277 Queen St. West
A large stock of gas fixtures on hand.

SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

"For six nights only!"

The flaming posters arrested Mary McNeill's attention wherever she went. That brief heading meant so much to her, though she tried hard to persuade herself that, if the Red Star troupe remained there for six nights or sixty, it would make no difference to her.

For five nights longer she might be able to picture exactly Bernard's doings and surroundings; for five nights longer she might fall asleep with the blissful consciousness that the same town sheltered them both; for five mornings she might awake knowing that they were nearer each other than they had been for the past two years; during the next five days the smallest chance incident might suffice to bring them together face to face. She supplemented all these reflections however by the resolve that never again would she run the risk of any more *tete a tetes*, nor again would she leave the safe anchorage of little Mildred's invalid-chair.

The child wondered at the additional brightness in her sister's manner—a brightness that to more experienced eyes would have seemed akin to feverishness. And all the while a tender little heart was being made very sore solely on Mary McNeill's account.

Bernard went back to Nellie Travers a changed man. Perhaps she had never appeared to such disadvantage as when he met her at luncheon that day; he could not help liked her somewhat untidy appearance even if he had not just been charmed by Mary McNeill's neatness of dress and delicate refinement of manner. He felt rather disturbed by with his surroundings, and was far from being in an amiable mood.

"If this is what he calls 'being engaged,' I'd much rather not be so," thought Nellie, ruefully, wondering why he was so silent, and why, for the first time, he missed noticing all that she wanted during luncheon.

Poor little girl—she had worked very hard that morning, and felt badly in need of some diversion! Her steady beau, in fact, been so protracted that she had omitted her usual midday mysterious ceremony known as "changing her dress."

"Won't you take me for a stroll this afternoon?" she said, wistfully, in an aside, for they, in common with three or four of the company, were lunching together at a restaurant in the town.

Nothing was farther from his wishes; but Bernard was a gentleman and quite equal to the occasion.

"Yes, my dear child, of course—as soon as we can get away from this jolly crew," he replied, with an expression of undisguised contempt for the society they were in.

On this day he could not gaze unmoved at Mrs. Strange, "the leading lady," a good-natured, middle-aged woman, just now engaged in eating cream-cheese; a decanter of sherry had a dangerous tendency to another near her elbow, and the ending of the feast threatened to be far more hilarious than the beginning. The two men who made up the rest of the party should have been producing their cigar cases. Nellie leaned back in her chair with a faint sense that something had gone wrong; something was missing in her familiar world, and her eyes said plainly under their long lashes, "Take me away!" Bernard made some excuse to the others, and winked significantly as soon as the two left the table together.

"That's a gone case if ever there was one!" remarked Mrs. Strange, holding out her glass to be replenished in order to drink the lovers' health.

"It will be the making of Thorne if it comes off all right," observed one of the men, who had watched Bernard rather closely since he had joined the company; "it will induce him to settle down—and that's what he wants. It doesn't do for one of our profession to belong to two worlds."

So Bernard himself thought during the long afternoon that followed. He did his best to think of Nellie and her interests only, but was painfully conscious that his efforts were a dead failure. The girl, with her keen powers of perception, could not fail to notice it. She at last gave up trying to make him talk and laugh, and relapsed into a paroxysm of thought which was far from resenting, being too absorbed by his own thoughts.

It was quite a relief to them both when they set their faces homewards. They were close by Nellie's door when a carriage passed them containing two ladies. Bernard recognized the instantly, all his abstraction gone, and the carriage rolled swiftly by—but not before Nellie had caught a glimpse of the occupants and seen the wonderful lighting up of her companion's face.

"That girl again!" she said involuntarily. "You see you did tell me an untruth last night, though I was simpleton enough to think afterwards that my suspicions were unfounded."

She shrank away from him before he could even think of a word of explanation, and went inside the little house, slamming the door behind her. Bernard had no choice left him but to go away, feeling that he was much to be pitied.

He happened to pass a florist's a few minutes later, and the flowers and hot-house fruit he grouped together in showy profusion brought back a half-forgotten resolve to his mind. Little Mildred's pinched mouth and prominent brow and eyes came before him. Why should he, her cousin, be debarred from offering her a few of the trifles that while away the tedium of an invalid's leisure?

Finding no satisfactory answer to that question, he went inside the tastefully arranged shop, and got rid of his not too abundant change in purchasing a little basket of rosy peaches nestling amongst faint tea-roses and purple and white clematis. Having done thus far, it occurred to him that he would hardly run any risk of additional blame if he were to leave it at the Hawthorns himself; so, after ordering a little information as to the exact position of the Queen's Road, he took his way thither, intending of course only to give the basket into the servant's hands.

Fate was kinder to him however than he deserved. A middle-aged, staid-looking woman opened the door, and he recognized in her at once a staunch friend of his own in old times.

"Mr. Bernard! Then it's true what I heard Miss Milly say when she came in this morning; but I didn't like to tell you so to Miss Mary," she exclaimed, forgetting in her joy all her usual discretion.

"Yes, it's all right, nurse—I'm here," replied Bernard, shaking her warmly by the hand. "Will you give these to Miss Milly, with my love?"

"But you're coming in, sir! Don't go away! It will upset Miss Milly dreadfully to hear you would come no farther than the door!"

Bernard hesitated, and in that moment of irresolution was lost. A door close by opened and Milly herself appeared, a cloud of some soft white material enveloping her head and shoulders.

"It is my cousin Bernard's voice!" she said, in her quaint childish way. "Please come in—I am quite alone."

"Miss Milly, keep out of the draught!" shrieked the nurse, pushing the girl back into the room which she had just left.

Bernard followed submissively, feeling that he might as well get all the enjoyment he could out of the visit now that he had gone so far.

A fit of coughing checked Milly's conversational powers for two or three minutes, while the nurse tucked her up on her sofa beside a smouldering fire which was mocked by the sunshine outside. Bernard was shocked at the sound of the hard, persistent cough, and at the exhaustion that followed; but the child herself took it all as a matter of course, and dismissed her attendant as soon as possible.

"Now tell me all I wanted to hear this morning," she demanded, "and how it is you come to be staying here. Mary said she had not time to ask you much about yourself."

"Where has Mary gone now?" asked Bernard, wondering how much he might tell her without incurring the elder sister's wrath.

"She has just come in from a drive with Mrs. Randolph, but went out again to that wool-shop at the corner. I had not enough wool to finish a cross-over I am making for old Betty at the lodge. Do you remember how we used to go in and talk to her, and how she said you were the torment of her life? She is always asking about you, and wondering when she will see you again."

"Yes, I remember perfectly. And you are seeing—is that the old woman's cross-over for her? Lucky Betty! Where is it? Let me see this new accomplishment."

They were bending over the scarlet-and-gray shawl, the rapid progress of which was a source of great pride to Milly, when they heard the house door open and shut quickly, and then, with the swift graceful movement Bernard recollected so well, Mary McNeill entered the room.

She started back in amazement on seeing its occupants, but recovered her composure in a wonderfully short space of time. Bernard rose, meeting the wonder in her eyes with a look which she could not resist.

"I believe I am taking an unpardonable liberty," he said; "but I could not refuse the pressing invitation that was given to me. Convalescence has always had its own way, and Miss Mildred must plead my excuses for me."

"Look, Mary—isn't he good? Do you see these lovely peaches? I have been longing for one all day; and I knew how vexed you would be if he had gone without coming in and waiting for you."

"Would you have been vexed?" asked Bernard daringly.

A crimson flush tinted Mary's face as she extended the hand of greeting which she had kept back till now. There was a long clasp, a lingering of the fingers before they parted, and with that their coldness towards each other began to disappear. Mary put her conscientious waverings aside for the time, rang for tea, and busied herself in arranging Bernard's flowers. The sunshine was fading now, and the fire flickered up, lighting the dark corners of the room.

Bernard looked about him with some satisfaction as the little table was wheeled up to Mildred's sofa and the daintily colored tea-service set forth. It was months since he had been in such a room as this, littered with the decorative knick-knacks by which women love to surround them. He had forgotten all the ups and downs of his professional life—forgotten that at any moment he might be at the bottom of the ladder, penniless, nameless, having to set his foot on the lowest rung once more—forgotten—most unfortunate forgetfulness of all—that Nellie Travers, not Mary McNeill, was his affianced wife.

To Bernard it was just as natural on this day as it had been two years before to sit in a prettily-appointed room doing his best to amuse these two young cousins, and succeeding remarkably well in the attempt.

The Irish blood that ran in their veins stood them all in good stead on this afternoon. Milly forgot her troublesome nights and feverish mornings; Mary forgot her father's express command that never again was she to hold communication with Bernard either by letter or speech, since he had disgraced himself and his family by taking to "play-acting."

It was such an hour as seldom falls to the lot of poor toiling human beings. The cup of joy was at their lips, and they drained it to the last last drop, without worrying themselves as to whether it might or might not pass their way again. The present was all-sufficient—as long as it lasted.

Amidst their talk and laughter they presently heard the sound of a churchbell tinkling, and at the same moment Bernard took out his watch and held it to the firelight.

"I must be off—the time has flown!" he exclaimed regretfully, rising to his feet.

"Just let me hear Mary's church-bell," Milly interposed. "She goes to evensong as regularly as any sister of mercy."

"What—all alone? Won't you let me come with you—at least, as far as the door?" inquired Bernard, trying not to appear too anxious.

"I don't quite know if I am going to-night," Mary answered, looking rather embarrassed.

"Oh, nonsense—that is all a subterfuge! She knows I shall be dull after our long tête-a-tête together. That is just like her—isn't it, Bernard? I shall be quite happy till you come back, and I shall be able to keep me company if I feel lonely. Do go, Mary!"

"Yes—do come, Mary!" pleaded Bernard.

Miss McNeill tied on her veil, found her prayer-book, and they left the house together, their hearts beating with a strange exultant joy. Prudence, reason, conscience—all should have kept them apart; but love drew them together.

Once outside the house, Bernard let his tongue have its free and full swing.

"Mary, my darling, you don't know what this last hour has been to me! Am I never to have another?"

"What can I say? Father would be dreadfully angry if he knew! I shall have to tell him. Milly has no idea there was anything between us."

"I won't hear Milly abused; she is my best friend, and, but for her, we should not have had this meeting. But how is it she knows nothing?"

"You see, she was such a child then. Illness has developed her wonderfully, and I think today she guessed more than she ever has before. I have kept it all from her purposely, for she is so excitable; we have to take the greatest care of her."

"Yes, poor child, she has changed indeed! If seeing me gives her the least pleasure, I can't believe you would deny her such a harmless gratification."

"But is it harmless, Bernard? No real blessing can come from it, if you know the misery I have seen in once last night! Why—why did you cross my path?" She broke down utterly, and could not finish what she was trying to ask her.

"Only that our paths shall never diverge again, Mary. It is absurd to shake your head. We are not to part, or, at least, we should not have met in this unexpected way. You are not a child—you are a woman with a free will of your own; and it simply comes to this—you must choose between me and your father."

"He will never give his consent, Bernard."

"No, I do not expect he ever will—I don't ask for it. But the worst of it is that I must ask you to wait. I could not do so if I did not read in your eyes what you try to deny with your lips—that you love me."

"How can I help it!" she said simply. "But then there is Milly—I can't desert her! Oh, no, Bernard—don't tempt me to forsake my duty! Go back to your work and leave me at peace—that is the truest kindness you can show me."

"And you don't think of my share in the matter, Mary? Don't know what you are sending me back to?"

He paused significantly, and the pitiful lips quivered.

"Bernard, if you were in any trouble, and I could help you, it would be different."

"In any trouble!" he exclaimed bitterly. "I do believe good women have stones for hearts! What worse trouble can I be in than the present—to be cut off from your society in this way? You don't know all that it involves! If you send me away from you now, you send me from you for ever. You know I was never one for half-measures, and, even if I were, this is not the time for them."

The acute misery in his voice seemed to pierce her heart. Again she wavered, but again stood firm to her resolve as the sound of chanting within the church came through the half-closed door.

"You speak as if the suffering were all on your side," she said. "Bernard, let me go! You build hope for the future, so I am powerless to comfort you. Good-bye!"

Already she was moving towards the church door. He seized her hands passionately and held them for one brief moment. They stood there face to face; but in the firm gentle gaze of her dark eyes he read hopelessness and a resolve he dropped her hands as suddenly as he had taken them, and, without another word, turned away.

Stunned with the sense of utter loss, Mary entered the church and knelt down besides the door far from the rest of the congregation. The chancel was a blaze of light, a wild Gregorian chant echoed along the lofty arches. It was the twenty-eight evening of the month, and boyish voices were singing the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm. With infinite tenderness and pathos the tones became soft and slightly tremulous at the verse—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! It seemed to the girl's overstrained nerves like the upbraiding of Bernard's voice. Then the organ broke in with the grand *staccato* chords—"Forget with it, down with it, even to the ground!" They could hear the stones crashing, the cries for mercy, until the tumult died away into the same pleading key-note of this wonderful Psalm of Regret—O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, if I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning!

Had she then forgotten? Ah, no! In the pain of that last farewell what relief it would have brought to her aching heart to think she had forgotten or denied her love! Mary McNeill met and faced the fact that her recollection of all that had been was stronger than ever that night as she knelt in her dark corner. Never might she hope for the balm of forgetfulness; she could only be faithful—that was all.

Little did either Bernard or Mary guess that there had been a silent witness to their parting outside the church door.

Nellie Travers, nearly mad with the jealousy she would not acknowledge even in thought, had found solitude unbearable, and was scarcely in the house ten minutes before she left it again.

Up and down the long parade she passed, in front of the sea, watching the afternoon lights die out, and the mists and shadows of the autumn evening creep on, gradually drawing a dark curtain over the fair picture.

The sound of the church-bell that mingled in the pleasant talk at the Hawthorns like a funeral knell also broke the thread of Nellie's meditations. It was a long time since she had been in church, and she wondered vaguely what sort of one this could be which, not content with services on Sundays, introduced them on week-days also. Anything was better than her own thoughts just then; this bell did not sound so very far away—she would go in search of it.

The church was not very difficult to find, standing as it did at the back of one of the principal squares. The bell stopped ringing before she could reach the door however; and chancing it was late, considering a bend in the square, she saw Bernard—her Bernard—talking earnestly, even passionately, to the tall, fair girl whom the poor little actress had learned to hate and dread.

Indignation kept her spell-bound to the spot; then some instinct seemed to clear her brain, and she could think freely. After all, how silly it was of her to mind so much! Was she quite sure even that she did mind? It could not be Bernard, seeing that only that very afternoon he had spoken kindly, caressingly to her! And yet—yet—it was Bernard; she knew too well every characteristic of his attitude. Ah, he had never looked at her like that!

A great sob rose in her throat; but she repressed it bravely, feeling that she must stand there quietly and see it all to the end. Once or twice she caught sight of the sweet sad face raised to his. Nellie could not fail to recognize beauty when she met it; and there was something in the pure outlines of Mary McNeill's face and figure which appealed to her, though she was too absorbed in her own misery to notice any signs of acute suffering.

Without another sob or sigh, she watched the parting. How could she tell it meant a parting for an indefinite time, when she saw that lingering hand-clasp? She shrank back into the dark shadow of a gateway, and Bernard almost touched her as he passed.

Still, she must get back to her rooms now and prepare for the evening's work. She could not touch the dinner waiting for her, but drank eagerly a glass of wine, which steadied for a moment her overstrung nerves.

She performed her toilet with more than usual care, not one detail escaping her notice. It was a relief to concentrate all her thoughts upon something outside her own personal trouble. There were some roses in a glass on her dressing-table, sent to her by Bernard a few days before. She seized them hastily, trampled them under her feet, and then threw them out of sight behind the silver-plated grate in the fireplace. Oh, if she could only get rid of her ill-fated love as easily!

Bernard was unusually dull at her strange calm manner when they met in the green-room that night. On the stage she surpassed herself, and the manager was once more filled with self-congratulation at having secured so brilliant an actress; off the stage she was uncommunicative, even disdainful, and snubbed all her friends unmercifully.

"She's like all the rest—her head is getting turned with too much success!" was the verdict of Mrs. Strange.

Bernard alone felt uncomfortable, being under the impression that she knew all about it; and certain pricklings of conscience made him shun her society as much as possible. Usually he escorted her home on foot if the night was fine; but on this evening, the piece over, she drove straight back to her rooms, refusing all offers of company from her fellow-workers.

There was only one thing that Nellie now longed for—forgetfulness. She felt feverish, she could not rest, and walked to and fro across her room with clasped hands and eyes gleaming freely with pain.

Poor child, her rival's kind heart would have ached for her had she seen her now, her flushed face telling of repressed suffering, no tears relieving her intolerable misery, and her soft amber dress she had worn on the stage setting off her childish beauty.

Presently she went to the window and stood there for a few minutes, pressing her burning forehead against the cold pane. How fair and calm and still it looked outside! She threw up the window suddenly and inhaled a deep draught of fresh air. Ah, that was what she wanted—air, and a wide sky! The house felt stifling—she would endure it no longer.

Hurriedly she threw on a fur cloak and tied a thick veil across her little bonnet, as if to defy scrutiny. The instinct of a lifelong training made her pause, ring the bell, and summon her landlady.

"I am going out for a turn by the sea," she said hurriedly. "I shall not be long gone—only ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; I have a racking headache, and shall not sleep unless I do. I don't get a little fresh air."

"Bless you, miss, I should have it then!" returned the good-natured woman. "My first-front is out too, and the door will be left open for him till goodness knows when. I'll take care of yourself, my dear—excuse me for mentioning it."

"Oh, I shall be all right!" Nellie answered, wearily.

She put an end to all further attempts at conversation by going down the narrow stairs with a slow, heavy tread, so unlike her usual quick way of running down that Mrs. Foster looked after her in pitiful amazement.

"Am I right in letting a young thing like her go out by herself at this time of night?" she pondered; but being called by her husband, who was impatient for his supper, the thought speedily left her mind altogether.

With the same slow heavy step Nellie made her way out of the house, and turned instinctively towards the sea. A silver crescent moon shone with a pale cold light, the sky was studded with stars, a low soft wind went murmuring by, in front the restless trouble of the waters met her gaze. She chose as lonely and unfrequented a spot as possible, and gradually found herself nearing the Downs where she had spent that long blissful afternoon with Bernard—it seemed years since!

There was no one in sight—not a single friendly hand to hold her back as she drew nearer to the edge of the cliff—nearer still—and looked down on the wide dark expanse of waters. Yes, there was peace—there was rest. She did not know the cliff was unsafe—did not see how its edges had crumbled away. Heedless of danger, she stood there, absorbed in her own thoughts. Yes, she would give him up; she would let him go back to his old life—if need be, back to his old love—for, with a woman's keen intuition, Nellie had read much "between the lines." She accepted the death-blow to all her hopes; but, oh, it was a cruel wrench, a hard struggle!

Suddenly the clear tones of a clock in the town roused her from her sad thoughts. She started violently, and her foot slipped. She tried to draw it back, but the cliff crumbled again, the ground seemed to slide away beneath her, and she fell, unconscious of everything except the awful rushing of the air against her face!

This was how the "tour" ended for Nellie Travers.

A year later Mary McNeill was standing, dressed in deep mourning, beside a little grave. There was only a gray marble cross to mark the spot, with this inscription:

"In loving Memory of
MILDRED.
"Made equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day."

The grave of Mary McNeill was written some of the history of her past life. There were solid lines telling of the long and anxious watching, the heavy sense of bereavement, and, worse than all, the battle waged daily with herself against Bernard Thorne.

Only on the night before she had received a letter from him telling her that he had long since left the stage and gone abroad, unable to bear the stings of remorse connected with his theatrical life. Careless as to what became of himself, and anxious only to earn sufficient to keep body and soul together, he had been singularly fortunate—against his will at first; then he had thrown himself with all the force of his energetic nature into the new occupation, and now he was in a good position as secretary to a mining company in South America. He had come over to England on the one purpose of begging for a final interview with his first love and, as he averred, his last.

She decided that all that had happened between herself and Bernard was a page in her life folded down; she could not turn to it again, least of all now, in her hour of utter weariness of heart.

So she thought, as she stooped to gather a white rose-bud from the snowy mass of flowers she had just placed on the grave.

When she looked up, she found she was no longer alone. Bernard stood beside her, worn, haggard-looking perhaps, but with the light of an honest and a purified love shining in his eyes.

"I came because I could not help it," he said, in answer to the unspoken question. "Darling, heart of my heart, you will not turn from me?"

And Mary found that she could not.

THE END.

Various Burial Customs.

The Thibetians cut in pieces the bodies of their dead and threw them into the lakes to feed the fish. The ancient Bactrians suffered the bodies of their departed relatives to be eaten by dogs specially kept for the purpose. The early Norsemen used to place the Viking in his ship and "send him floating out to sea" with all his belongings. The Ethiopians disposed of the dead either by throwing them into the river or by preserving them in their houses in statues of gold or baked clay. The Babylonians embalmed their dead in honey, and abominated cremation, which they believed to be nothing but a sacrilege to the sun. The Guanches rudely embalmed their corpses, drying the bodies in the air and covering them with varnish. The gallant little cave-dwellers of France and Belgium buried their dead in natural grottos and crevices of the rocks, similar to those in which they lived. The Peruvians appear to have preserved the bodies of their incas after the Egyptian fashion, and in early times mummies seem to have had an abiding place in Mexico. The Greeks of old were enjoined by law to burn the dead, and the Romans, who in the time of the republic had interred their dead, adopted the Grecian usage in the days of Sulla. The Parsees lay their dead on da khamas, or "towers of silence," where the vultures clean the bones, which in a month are removed and deposited in deep wells containing the dust of many generations. On the Himalayan slopes the Sikhim burn the bodies of the dead, and scatter the ashes to the four winds, while the tribes of Oonalaska and Nootka Sound bury them on the hillsides, and expect every wayfarer to throw a stone on the grave. Herodotus tells us of favorite horses and slaves being sacrificed at the holocaust of the dead chief, and in many countries the wives had the privilege of dying with their husbands, a custom which has continued in the Hindu Suttee down to the present time. The Germans, before burying the body of a gentleman, inclose it in a varnished coffin and, after divers hymns and processions, place it on a pyre of precious woods, which is ignited and allowed to burn until nearly consumed, when the body is taken from the flames and buried. The Cheyenne Indians burn the dead body of his friend among the foliage of his native forests, a prey to the vulture and the sport of every storm; or else, swathing it with willow branches, places it with the feet southward in some cottonwood tree, together with a plentiful supply of food, arms and tobacco, to be consumed on its voyage to the happy hunting grounds. The Chinese bury their dead in the fairest spots in the land. They are extraordinarily devoted to the dead, and the labor contract of every coolie emigrant specially stipulates that in case of death his body shall be carried back to China, that his dust may mingle with that of his forefathers and join their spirits in the flowery kingdom. Otherwise, he believes that his soul will wander amid strangers unknown and astray.—*Collier's Once a Week.*

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Fast English Trains.

James Payn says in the *Illustrated News* if you want to see the country, not in a hurry, and stopping at all sorts of beautiful places not in the Bradshaw programme, you should come to London by the Dover express. A Londoner myself, I had no idea what advantages were afforded to its passengers, until quite lately. I had read letters in the newspapers about "the creeping of the trains," of course, but nothing of the opportunities they afforded to the lovers of a picturesque but rural stoppage. I came up on Monday, June 30 (to be exact), by the train that ought to have arrived at Charing-Cross at 9 50 a. m., and between Sevenoaks and London Bridge we "stopped" not less than half times, I suppose to admire the scenery. The places, nowhere near stations, and charmingly secluded, were no doubt chosen for that purpose, and gave me great satisfaction; but the disapproval of some fellow-passengers, who wanted to "catch an express" at Euston, was so loud and vehement that it greatly interfered with my appreciation. They did not seem to care the least for the views, and, so far from acknowledging the forethought of the director in providing them, condemned them (in very appropriate, because picturesque, language) "up hill and down dale."

They took me the story of the gentleman who refused to provide a ticket for his dog at Dover, on the ground that that animal would come as quickly running by the side of the train. A compromise was, however, effected by his being tied on to the last compartment, under which he ran, like a Danish or carriage dog, as far as Sevenoaks. It had been the secret hope of the engine-man that, before then, the creature would have been strangled—a victim to a too daring competition—whereas he seemed quite fresh and not in the least inconvenienced by the rate of travel. The speed was therefore put on to the extreme limit known to the express, and at London Bridge they found the poor dog, very tired—with waiting. He had blistered his rope and run on, and the gentleman had his master on the platform with a smile that seemed to say, "Well, you have got here at last!" Another story of the train was that a man on the roadside, unaccustomed to its appearance and peculiar rate of speed, was seen reverently to remove his hat. He had taken the funeral express for a hearse. Without, for my part, I do not live on this line of railway, and care nothing about its unpunctuality: what I was saying was its love of the picturesque, and determination to enjoy it, though by fits and starts. But I can imagine that if a man wanted to catch a train at Euston, (the loss of half an hour exactly) between Sevenoaks and Charing-Cross, through these rural surveys, must have been rather irritating.

Just For Emergencies.

Temperance Lecturer (to tramp whom he sees imbibing)—My good sir, why do you carry that abominable flask?

Thirsty Wanderer—I like to have it for emergencies.

T. L.—What kind of emergencies.

T. W.—Oh, in case I should get dry, for instance.

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Mary Ravenel.

"Hop-picking!" said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket and fed it leisurely to the beautiful white horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is rather a romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of rustic scenery! But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hop-fields. Just sunshine, and the gold-green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up in it—but—excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil!"

Mr. Raymond smiled.

"Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys?" said he; "with the figures running in and out? And the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and the two little toddlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water-cans on his shoulders? Why, there are a hundred bits of *genre* here, to say nothing of the background."

And Raymond took out his mill-boards and color boxes, set up an impromptu easel, and began diligently to paint.

Squire Durell's son looked on with an amused smile. To him, the machinery of the great hop farm was the real business of life. Artists and such like were merely pleasure-seekers who disported themselves airily along the outskirts of creation.

"You will find some very pretty faces here," said Durell. "If you care for sketching that sort of thing. People come here from all parts of the country, in hop-picking time. Gypsies, tramps, respectable poor workers who don't object to turning an honest penny, young people who come here for the frolic of the thing, and poor old wretches who think that every season will be their last. It's healthy, the doctors say. At all events, it's profitable. In hop-season, there isn't a cottage, a farm-house garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood! No? My father will be very glad to see you, up at the house, if you will honor us by coming our guest to-night."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful, satin-skinned white horse following, like a docile kitten, at his heels.

"Hugh," he said, to a servant who had just come down with a hamper from the house, "take a cup of hot coffee and two or three of these white rolls, with my compliments, to that gentleman in the linen coat who is sketching under the trees. And Hugh!"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine-sandwiches and the basket of apricots and the fresh milk to the young girl in black?"

The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take 'em, Mr. Daniel," said he. "She was all for calling me back. But I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled. "That's right," said he. "And don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Dunstable. He grows feebler and feebler every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black cheese-rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the Great House, shrewdly noticing all the hop pickers as they sat and lay around, under the shadow of the vines, in the *dolce far niente* of the noon intermission, finally came into the great, cool room, where the scent of cheese-making filled the air, and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The squire himself sat there, gouty, but content. Iced claret and cold chicken were on the table; forced hot-house peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of dressed cucumber, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element, and delicate cutlets, breaded and fried in egg, were brought in, smoking hot. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without you, my boy," said he. "Sit down; sit down. Do you know, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place! She could be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it, father," said the squire's son. "But what would you say, sir, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

The squire set down his glass of iced claret. Evidently this was a new view of matters.

"A poor girl, Daniel!"

"But a good girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-opened rosebud. You will perhaps laugh at me," he added, "but I believe I have lost my heart to one of our hop-pickers."

"Daniel!"

"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir; I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt or some elderly relative—a pale and fragile-looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And—I love her."

The old squire nodded his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he, "and whoever you choose to bring here will be as welcome as flowers in May."

While all this time, the artist, strolling idly along to observe the various groups, came upon a pale faced girl in black—a girl with large, melting wine brown eyes, straight, pure features, and tender, dark hair, overhanging her forehead like a mist of jet.

"Miss Ravenel!" he cried, in amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back. "You are astonished to see me here. But the doctors declared that hop picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hot-house grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is," as Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in sending all these delightful things, although I tell him, over and over, that I have no need of them. I believe he thinks I am a starving dressmaker, or something of the kind," with a blush and a smile. "But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please, what you have been sketching."

Mr. Durell came down, in the warm red glow of the summer sunset, to the willow-shaded curve of the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit, when her day's work was done.

"I have brought you some of the rare orchids from the conservatory," said he. "You told me, the other day, that you liked flowers."

"I am so much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you—that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, are you surprised at this? Have you not seen it growing out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and——"

"You really love me?" she cried, with wide-open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale, little hop-picker?"

"You, my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes, "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And I think I do, nay, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling!" he murmured.

"But wait, you have not heard what I am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel, from Philadelphia."

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's orders, not because I need the daily wages of a hop-picker. But you won't like me any the less, will you, for that?"

Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel, the Fairfield beauty, the great heiress.

"We are stopping at the Clancliff Hotel," said she. "I have my phaeton and ponies there. I will drive up to the house to see your father, since he cannot come to me."

"But I thought you were a poor girl, hiring one of these tents at so much a night," said Daniel, in perplexity.

"That's where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But the hop-picking has done me a deal of good. Aunt Verna says the cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because——

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Ravenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durell found his life's treasure out among the garlanded hop-poles.

The Dinklemans.

"It makes me dired, fodder, to hear de old voman all day singing," remarked Jakey with a grunt.

"Ah, mine son," remarked Dinkleman, "music is love. I like to hear your mudder sing."

That was all that was said about music at the time, but Jakey still thought of it. "Music is love!"

Rosey, Jakey's sweetheart, was spending a week at Bay Beach. Rosey was rich and he wanted to marry her, but one of the things he found it impossible to do was to make love.

"Fodder," he said, "I am going by Bay Beach to see Rosey. I think I know me now how to love make, und Rosey is rich——"

"Good boy. Go in and win," advised the old fellow gleefully.

Two days after Jakey came back. He sneaked into the house by the side entrance and crawled up to his room unobserved and shut the door after him. After a while his father discovered he was home.

"Shakey, vy you come back so quiet?" he asked.

"I am von fool!" ejaculated Jakey.

"Mine Gott, who been telling you?"

"I vas by Bay Beach——"

"Yes. Vat else?"

"I find out vere Rosey is. She speak to me not. She got some money, so she don't know me. I know not how to love make. Von vonce tell me music is love. But I can play no music. So I hires me a second-hand organ, which plays somedings sentimentals, und I go back by her hotel dot night und I play me dot organ. Dot organ man say dot organ blay 'With All Your Faults I Love You Still.' I see Rosey look de vindur out, so I commence. Dot music seems lively for sentimentals. Rosey goes in und comes to de vinder again mid a pail of vater und I catch it on de head. Den some men come und kick me und break dot organ. Dot cost me $25. I ask a man vat is de madder—vot I do? He say dot Rosey vas mad because I blay her De Girl Mid de Hebrew Nose. Dot settles it. A big gulf stream is between us. Music is not love, und I bid you my life by dot."

"Shakey," said the old fellow, and his voice was husky, "love is blayed out."

And they sat down there until long after the light had died out and listened to the ticking of the big clock, the ticks of which seemed to say to Jakey: "Music is love: Music is love!" —*N. Y. Mercury.*

The Old Well-Sweep, from Over the Tea-cups

I was driving with a friend the other day, through a somewhat dreary stretch of country, where there seemed to be very little to attract notice or deserve remark. Still, the old spirit infused by "Eyes and No Eyes" was upon me, and I looked for something to fasten my thought upon, and treat as an artist treats a study for a picture. The first object to which my eyes were drawn was an old-fashioned well-sweep. It did not take much imaginative sensibility to be stirred by the sight of this most useful, most ancient, most picturesque, of domestic conveniences. I know something of the *shadoof* of Egypt,—the same arrangement by which the sacred waters of the Nile have been lifted from the time of the Pharaohs to those of the Khedives. That long forefinger pointing to heaven was a symbol which spoke to the Parian exile as it spoke of old to the enslaved Israelite. Was there ever any such water as that which we used to draw from the deep, cold well, in the old oaken bucket? What memories gather about the well in all ages! What love matches have been made at its margin, from the time of Jacob and Rachel downward! What fairy legends hover over it, what fearful mysteries has it hidden! The beautiful well-sweep! It is too rarely that we see it; it is dies out and gives place to the odiously convenient pump, with the last patent on its cast-iron uninteresting ness does it not seem as if the farmyard aspect had lost half its charm? For so long as the dairy farm exists, doubtless there must be every facility for getting water in abundance; but the loss of the well-sweep cannot be made up to us even if our milk were diluted to twice its present attenuation.—*Atlantic.*

Why Edna Was Number One.

Edna is simply the cleverest, dearest little girl in the world, not over six years of age, but already her will power is harder than a diamond. She is fond of her mamma, but as all correction and discipline come through the maternal channel, her preference is very decidedly for her objective devoted father. Mother and daughter were stopping across the lake last summer, and every evening there was a race as to who should first reach the wharf to welcome papa home from the city. Edna was usually allowed to come out victorious and have first choice of the bonbons in the pink and blue boxes. But one evening nurse was late in tying her sash and smoothing her curls, and consequently no amount of running could make her short legs cover the distance to the pier. It was a very tearful little morsel of a girl they gathered up from the roadside, on the way home, who refused to be comforted when her father tried to explain that she and mamma had equal rights, as far as he was concerned. "Oh, no! but we have," sobbed Edna: "I am your very own daughter, and she is only related to you by marriage."—*Illustrated American.*

Old London in Summer.

A striking picture of London as it is to day is given in a recent letter to the New York *Post*; the writer says: The charm of London at this season can scarcely be exaggerated. It is no longer the gloomy London of Oliver Twist and of the forties. Democratic ideas, enlightenment, and intercourse with the continent have changed all this, and now London, at least London west of Charing Cross (and usually we judge a city by its best side), is, perhaps, one of the most delightful and cheapest cities in the world. Palatial public buildings and mansions have risen on every side. New avenues have been opened up, scientific horticulture has embellished the parks, and nowhere are the capabilities of window-gardening better shown. City squares and graveyards, within the memory of some of us receptacles for battered tins and refuse, have been transformed into attractive gardens, where children play and the weary take their ease. Everywhere you recognize a change from the gloomy Puritanism of the past to the growing conviction that life ought to be embellished and enjoyed. The inhabitants, however, in the streets and parks are what most impress the visitor with an indescribable sense of the well-being of London. The very flower of material civilization is before him, all that wealth, and art, and training can effect to adorn life, where, for the most part, struggle and want and sin and sorrow are thrust aside. Contemplating the array of youth and beauty and rank, superbly mounted, among the spring foliage in the bright morning sunshine on Rotten Row, the brilliant line of equipages on the drive in the afternoon, refinement and grace sweeping in their carriages to the levee and drawing-room, one is tempted to feel, for the moment, as if this were true life. All that is best in learning is to be found in the libraries of London; all that is most renowned or exquisite in art can be studied in its museums and art galleries. At this center of the most traveled and exploring of peoples, a kaleidoscope of exhibitions and a great museum of bronzed travelers bring other nations close to us. And over all this is the consciousness of power and dominion. We have before us a greater than Rome. We are at the mainspring of the most extensive empire the world has ever seen, exercising through modern science a direct, immediate, and unquestioned rule, such as was never imagined in former centuries. Above and through all, there is paganism enough, but it is revealed less in the degradation of the poor crossing-sweepers and the worn, anxious-looking flower-girls and small dealers, crowding many of the thoroughfares, than in the hard faces and demeanor of the faultlessly dressed aristocratic men who throng the pavements in the vicinity of the clubs.

Wifely Solicitude.

Mater—Girls, we mustn't worry your father about going away this summer. His finances are extremely low, I know. I looked in his check-book yesterday and saw he only had one check left."

A Seasonable Riddle.

"What is the difference between ice and water?" "Ice is frozen water; that is all." "There is a greater difference than that." "What is it?" "Water always finds its level, but ice is constantly going up."

It Would Help Business.

Traveler—Are you going to have the same head clerk this summer that you had last?

Summer Hotel Proprietor—No; I couldn't get him.

Traveler—Well, why don't you advertise the fact, and have your house filled this summer?

A Parallel Case.

Mrs. Upton—Yes, that is my daughter's piano; but she has scarcely touched it since she has been married.

Mrs. Downton—Just the same with my darter an' 'er typewriter.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Canoe Racing.

First Aquatic Youth—How was the canoe race to day?

Second Aquatic Youth—Dull. Awfully dull. Only three upsets.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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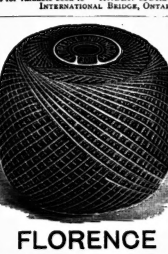

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Music.

Some of the musical people are being seen about town, bronzed and full of fish stories. Speaking of fish, I believe all musical men are ardent fishermen, a rather curious matter. All who have been away and have returned, have been fishing, and all, with one exception, have had great luck catching prodigious baskets, both as to numbers and size, being better artists with the rod, or else possessing more variegated imaginations than their non-musical brethren. The exception I refer to was a little man who was away four weeks and fished and fished and changed his territory without ceasing, from early morn to dewy eve, and says he caught—nothing! What think you? was he in sooth a poorer and less lucky fisher than his brethren, or was he a more brilliant—hum—well, novelist? I don't think the dear little man would wittingly exaggerate his ill-luck, and I really believe that he just mourned and mooned and dozed those four weeks away by brook and lake, and— thought he was fishing.

The fish stories told by these returned minstrels, spiced as they are by reminiscences of the jug and bottle department and glowing descriptions of scenery, are particularly maddening to those of us who are still at the treadmill. The hard workers who stayed in town during July to keep the summer terms going have gradually trickled away, and another two or three days will see every one out of town but the returned pilgrims, and we that go late will have the advantage over the early ones in this respect, that we have heard their yarns and can go them one better when we take up the story-telling chair.

From all of which it will be seen that musical news of local interest is quite scarce. Still various items of gossip are flopping about and are gradually assuming shape. I find that next season will be quite an orchestral one. The Torrington Orchestra is being re-organized and strengthened in its artistic resources and may give more frequent concerts than in former seasons. This, of course, is what we might expect from its energetic conductor when he finds his field invaded. The other and newer body—the Toronto Symphony Orchestra is hard at work with its subscription list, and has already done some excellent rehearsing, so that even from our local resources there will be a very fair amount of orchestral music in Toronto. Then Strauss and his wonderful orchestra will be with us in September, and in November Carl Zerrahn will give three concerts with his orchestra of forty musicians, and a string of soloists headed by Mlle. Lena De Vine, fresh from Parisian triumphs, Mme. Ida Bond-Young, and Miss Annie Beere from New York, as well as Dr. Carl Martin and Miss Adele Auder Ohe, quite a formidable array. This ought to be a good series, as Mr. Zerrahn is the genial gentleman who conducted the orchestra at the Emma Juch concerts a year ago. To add to these fine prospects, I was asked this week by a gentleman whether I thought that a couple of concerts by Theodore Thomas would pay, as he thought of securing them.

The Choral Society has decided upon its plans for next season. At least one concert will be given, and all that careful preparation and rehearsal can do will be expended upon its entertainments. For the first concert the works chosen are Brahm's Song of Destiny, Richard Hoffman's Schöene Melusine and Eaton Faning's Song of the Vikings, all with orchestral accompaniment. I am told that so far from the Choral Society losing any of its strength by the drafts upon singers resulting from the recruiting for the two vocal societies, it will next season be stronger in singing forces than ever and it will endeavor to maintain its position—not at the tail of the hunt.

In the meantime, there seems to be some little uncertainty after all, as to which works the Philharmonic Society will take up for its first concert. Some of its officers are in favor of singing Mackenzie's Cottar's Saturday Night and McCunn's Lady of the Lake as I announced two week's ago, but a strong push is being made to secure another performance of the Elijah. Such a repetition would undoubtedly bring back a lot of the old members, people who would not for worlds miss a chance of singing that music. A few days will settle the matter however, and here, too, we may expect a vigorously conducted campaign.

The Haslam Vocal Society has been organized for the ensuing season and the following officers elected: Patron, Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, K.C.M.G., A.D.C. to Her Majesty the Queen; Hon. President, Mr. George A. Cox, President, Mr. D. E. Cameron; Vice-President, Mr. James Martin; Secretary, Mr. William C. Fox; Assistant Secretary, Mr. C. P. Whelan; Treasurer, Mr. Harry English; Committee, Mr. A. H. Greene, Mr. D. F. McCloskey, Mr. C. E. Clarke, Mrs. Walsh, Miss Barr, Mrs. J. B. Hall; Musical Director and Conductor, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam.

The Conservatory is clearing its decks for action next autumn. Mr. Dryadale tells me that several new teachers have been appointed, among them being Miss Ethelind G. Thomas, A. T. C. M., for piano; Miss Eva Roblin, for voice; and Fraulein Tony Hoffmann for German.

Mr. W. Lewis Hunter has been secured by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer as principal tenor.

On Tuesday evening, August 5, the cottagers of Lorne Park held a social musicale, which, by the way, has become a weekly affair at this favorite summer resort. The ladies and gentlemen taking part were Prof. Bohner, Miss Jackson, Mr. (Lord) Walters, Miss Aikenhead, Mr. Rogers, Mr. F. Aikenhead and Mr. Davis, Mr. John Sloan being in the chair. The programme was a thoroughly popular one, and exactly suited to the tastes of the audience. The evening being very warm, many strolled about on the lawn listening to the sweet strains of the music, which was wafted out on the evening air.

From an account of the proceedings of the annual convention of the Music Teachers' National Association which was held at Detroit last month (said account being very late in reaching me) I see that Miss Jessie Corlett, formerly of Toronto, was one of the principal soloists at the concerts which formed part of the reunion. Miss Corlett's singing won great praise and she is ably sustaining the reputation of this musical family.

The fine organ built and placed in the Parkdale Methodist church by Lye & Son, at a cost of $3,400, was opened on Monday evening with an organ recital by several musicians of the city. The performance was highly satisfactory both to the church and the organ builder inasmuch as the ability of the performers and their various styles of grouping the stops fully proved the excellence of the instrument. All who took part acquitted themselves admirably and won the appreciation of the large audience. The choir of the church has considerably improved under the direction of Mr. J. T. Easton and sang with marked expression.

The following programme was performed: *a.* Gavotte (Roubler), *b.* chorus (Handel), Mr. Lye; *a.* offertoire in C minor (Batish), *b.* Hymn of the Nuns (Wely), Mr. Jones; chorus, Praise Ye the Father, the choir; finale—5th Symphony, Mr. A. Blakely; cavatina—Raff, Mr. A. A. Burns; overture—Poet and Peasant, Mr. Shannon; march—Scotson-Clarke, Mr. Lye; chorus—The Radiant Morn, the choir; *a.* march—Silver Trumpets (Rimbault), *b.* fantasia in F (Scotson-Clark), Mr. Jones; menuet—Symphonique (Bachmann), Mr. Blakeley; offertoire in A—(Batish), Mr. Burns; chorus—Gloria, 12th Mass (Mozart), the choir.

Our genial H. Guest Collins with his wife and family sail for Germany on Tuesday next, and expects to be absent two years. The same day takes away from us Mr. Harry M. Field, who also goes to the Fatherland.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

In this age of realistic stage consideration, says a writer in the *Theater Magazine*, when the scenic effect is weighed even more carefully than the lines that call it forth, it seems strange that the subject of physiognomy in plays never presents itself. Physiognomy has been proven to be no mere fanciful speculation, but a consistent and well-considered system of character reading. Therefore to take a few illustrations from the *World's* artist's dream of realistic stage productions (lately published in the *Theater*), since it becomes necessary to introduce real balloons, real caravans and real water, real rain and real icebergs, real bogzans and real volcanos, why should not managers try and introduce real men whose face and form bear some affinity to the parts they are playing? Physiognomy, I admit, is not a subject on which even the general mass of people is informed—as far as study goes—though we have all said at some time or other, without perhaps reasoning why, when we have noticed certain people, that we did not like his countenance, or he had a very intelligent face, or a very disagreeable smile. If these remarks are made by those unacquainted in the science of physiognomy, called forth merely by a confliction of temperament, how much more so would it be to those adroit in reading the signs of character through the face. Why should a man—whose selfish propensities are so visibly apparent that it is noticeable to these most ignorant of physiognomy—be cast to play a philanthropist; or a man whose face is utterly devoid of thought play the part of a lawyer whose whole life is one of thoughtful calculation? A homely woman is invariably cast to play a pretty girl, even when the lines of the play continually allude to her beauty as her only charm. The beautiful, the benevolent, the honest, the thoughtful, the homely, the bad, are faces that we meet every day coupled with their respective dispositions. Then why, on the stage, they should be so adrift, is something I do not understand. To my mind, the first step in realism would be the casting of parts where the man's or woman's face would be in sympathy with the lines they recited. It would not take the study of physiognomy to do this, but judgment. It would oftentimes save a confusion of thought, better illustrate the author's idea, and cause a more realistic, if not correct, performance. I think many will agree with me in this.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* says: "Jim the Penman is a chestnut," and then gives it two columns of criticism. Chestnuts are handy sometimes when copy is scarce.

Charles Wyndham is at outs with the London critics. They called his Young Marlow in She Stoops to Conquer a desecration, and he stopped sending them tickets. Two great London dailies forthwith gave orders that the actor be never again mentioned in their columns, and it looks as if the boycott would extend to the entire English press. Mr. Wyndham made a mistake, not in supposing that newspaper condemnation of his acting could not hurt him, but in forgetting that to an actor newspaper condemnation is a very mild evil compared to being treated as if he were too insignificant to discuss.

Dion Boucicault has arrived at the conclusion that tragedians use an unnatural voice because the characters they represent are larger than life, and to employ the natural voice would jar upon audiences that are to be taken into past centuries among colossal creations.

It is reported that while the London press almost unanimously recognize Nat Goodwin's ability as a comedian, he is playing to very poor business across the water.

In The Maister of Woodbarrow it is said Mr. E. H. Sothern has a part utterly unlike any character he has yet assumed. This represents a peculiar type of a young Devonshire lad, with elements of uncouthness and yet of high dignity and nobility of character. Mr. Frohman has furnished Mr. Sothern with the best company the young actor has yet had in support.

General Sherman relates an interesting story about Joseph Jefferson. He says: "Joe came to my room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, about three years ago, and we chatted at the window there one summer afternoon. He had with him a light, thin overcoat, which he threw over a chair. After he had gone I found under the chair a roll of paper tied with a piece of red tape—the old red tape that I know so well. I picked it up, inspected it, and then I said, 'This is not mine,' and ran out to catch Joe. I ran to the elevator, shouting, 'Joe, Joe!' I saw him two stairs below, but my voice wouldn't go down, it would only go up, so I had to run down, and I finally overtook him. 'Joe, did you drop this roll of paper?' He turned to me with a look full of joy. 'My God, Sherman, you have saved my life!' 'What do you mean; how have I saved your life?' 'Why,' replied Jefferson, with that familiar twinkle in his eye, 'I am publishing my life, and that is the first chapter.'"

There are only a few of us left, says the jokeman of the *Mirror*, and yet they say that Roland Reed is endeavoring to get fat on mush and milk, while Edwin Arden is trying baked beans at every meal. An inquiry into the tastes of some of our histrions reveals the harrowing facts that:

Sol Smith Russell likes smoked beef;

W. J. Scanlan does not enjoy his dinner unless he has fried bananas for dessert;

Dixey revels in rum omelet;

Modjeska eats Saratoga potatoes by the pound;

Grace Elkins is a slave to asparagus, with drawn butter;

Ada Rehan takes pepper and salt on her little necks;

Jane Stewart, the new ingenue, has no use for pie without cheese;

While dainty Della Fox cherishes a guilty passion for Lyonnaise potatoes.

Lawrence Barrett has entirely recovered from the distressing malady which threatened to rob the American stage of one of its ornaments. He will act again, it is said, next season.

Here is a deserving tribute to a bright comedienne at once pretty, sincere and touching:

DEAR ROSINA VOKES,—You have heard what I am going to say too often for novelty, but it is more for my own satisfaction that I want to say it than in any hope of pleasing you, though I would like to do that too; and I cannot but believe that you must rejoice in the knowledge, old though it may be, that you have filled one more heart with sunshine.

Ever since you and I were little girls you have been a joy and delight to me, and since you have taken up the habit of coming every year with the smiling daffodils, I have basked in your delicious humor—sometimes near to tears, as all true humor is—with ever-increasing admiration of your genius. But it is for this spring I want to thank you. I had been ill and much troubled and you came, a potent physician—a best medicine. I carry you about and my blues turn to rose-color and my grumbles to smiles.

Alas! when you are sick and sorry there will be no Rosina Vokes for you to go to see. But that the brightness you have shed on others will return to warm and cheer you as you have warmed and cheered us is the sincere wish of

Yours gratefully,
NELLY FAULDER-CLARK,
104 West Thirty-eighth street,
May 15, 1890. New York.

William Winter, the well-known dramatic critic, recently presented to the Players' Club the girdle that Adelaide Neilson wore the last time she played Rosalind in America, and a miniature portrait of Mary Anderson.

Two cars sixty feet long have been purchased to transport the scenery and belongings of The County Fair. A western manager predicts that unless a few real cows or tank effects are introduced in Macbeth, Richard III. and others of Shakespeare's plays the legitimate will have to take second place next season.

It is reported that when Sara Bernhardt's present contract expires she intends coming to America to play Romeo to Margaret Mather's Juliet.

Literary Chat.

Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan's book, A Social Departure, is meeting with great and deserved success. A brighter record of a journey is not often met with.

The *Week* in order to encourage local literary talent is offering prizes of $50, $30, $20 and $10 for the four best short stories submitted to it before the first of November.

For literary training says Thos. Wentworth Higginson, the influence of natural beauty is simply priceless. On this flowery bank, on this ripplemarked shore are the true literary models. How many living authors have ever attained to writing a single page which could be for one moment compared, for the simplicity and grace of its structure, with this green spray of wild woodbine or yonder white wreath of blossoming clematis? A finely organized sentence should throb and palpitate like the most delicate vibrations of the summer air. We talk of literature as if it were a mere matter of rule and measurement, a series of processes long since brought to mechanical perfection; but it would be less incorrect to say that it all lies in the future; tried by the out-door standard, there is as yet no literature, but only glimpses and guide-boards; no writer has yet succeeded in sustaining, through more than some single occasional sentence, that fresh and perfect charm. If by the training of a life-time one could succeed in producing one continuous page of perfect cadence, it would be a life well spent. If one could learn to make his statements as firm and unswerving as the horizon line,—his continuity of thought as marked, yet as unbroken, as yonder soft gradations by which the eye is lured upward from lake to wood, from wood to hill, from hill to heavens,—what more bracing tonic could literary culture demand? As it is, art misses the parts, yet does not grasp the whole.

A writer in the *Teacher and Examiner* says: The English language and its literature now claim all the wealth that once lay "dead" in Greek and Latin. It was appropriated on the ground that a coin in circulation is better than a coin locked up in a vault. The lock has been opened and all the riches of ancient literature abstracted and scattered to the ends of the earth. American students seldom live long enough to master their own language. "Life is too short" to waste precious years in finding that which has been "discovered." Archbishop Farrar in an article on Literary Criticism, in the *Forum* for May, decrying ill-tempered or pointless censure, quite frequently quotes from Latin or some other foreign tongue to elucidate his points. All such "elucidations" are lost to the vast majority of his readers. This pernicious and pedantic habit is common among scholarly linguists. They seem to forget that ninety-nine of every hundred of their readers are untaught in the dead or foreign languages, and that all such quotations are gibberish to them. Perhaps the brilliant Archbishop did not employ Latin, French and German to show his erudition, but he certainly showed a want of good taste in tantalizing most of his admiring readers with his occasional learned obscurities in the *Forum* article.

After Mr. Howells' lucubrations against Thackeray, it is interesting to read what the English scholar, William Ernest Henley, writes of that author. Of Thackeray Henley says, epigrammatically, that he was the average clubman, plus genius and a style. He finds in the author of Vanity Fair a highly respectable British cynic, who delights in reminding us that everybody is a humbug; that we are all rank snobs; that to misuse your aspirates is to be ridiculous and incapable of real merit; that all is vanity; that there's a skeleton in every house; that passion, enthusiasm, excess of any sort is absurd. All the same, his manner is the perfection of conversational writing; graceful, yet vigorous; adorably artificial, yet incomparably sound; touched with modishness, yet informed with distinction; instinct with urbanity, yet instinct with charm—it is a type of high-bred English, a climax of literary art. He was a born writer, and he had learnt his art before he began to practise it.

Current Literature includes in its list of notable articles in the magazines for the month a paper on Grouse Shooting on American Prairies in *Outing*, by Mr. E. W. Sandys.

Art and Artists.

In an address delivered at Manchester recently at the opening of a school of art Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, said: "Let your young folks further see on the subject of industrial art that it is not merely in sumptuous and stately furniture, in costly tissues, such as those that have been spread before us with so liberal a hand by Sir Charles Robinson—not in the working of precious metals only, or the in-weaving of jewels—that in these only is the highest level of beauty attained; but in the hands of Greeks, of Egyptians, of Etruscans, of Japanese, and other gifted nations, the most humble utensils, the ordinary appliances, the cup, the goblet, the spoon, the fork, the platter, the lamp, the mirror, the comb for the toilet, the humble stove, the settle—all these things have been invested with curve and form, with rhythmical proportions so lovely and so full of subtlety and variety that it would seem that with the people producing whom they have been produced the sense of beauty pervaded the air and was overwhelming. This let your young people see, and so, not in a day—of course we don't expect miracles—we shall find the physical sense bred amongst the many, and amongst the few original intellectual genius will be evolved by the diffusion of a higher standard of taste and perception. A favorable atmosphere for production will be engendered, and in the multiplication of comely and delightful surroundings, a steady source of wholesome and unassailable delights will spread increasingly, and more and more embrace a wider number of homes within its elevating influence, bringing into their lives, and firing all their spirits with light and warmth, which I am afraid I must say is too seldom vouchsafed to them in this gloom-bound northern climate."

The Architects' Association of Ontario met in the rooms of the Architectural Sketch Club on Tuesday. There were present Messrs. D. B. Dick, S. G. Curry, E. Burk, W. B. Storm, and S. H. Townsend of this city, Messrs. Rastrick and Edwards of Hamilton, Messrs. Ewartz and Arnoldi of Hamilton, and Mr. Blackwell of Peterborough. Mr. W. J. Storm was elected president, and Mr. S. H. Townsend registrar.

A meeting of the Art Students' League was held on Tuesday evening. The chief topic of discussion was in keeping with the season, viz.—a holiday trip to Niagara. This will probably take place this month.

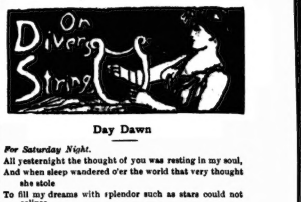
Mr. Carl Ahrens has returned from the country.

Marine subjects seem to have an irresistible fascination for artists these days.

How It Might.

"They say gum chewing undermines the intellect.

"I didn't know that, but it nearly pulled out my wisdom-teeth."—*Harper's Bazar.*



Day Dawn

For Saturday Night.

All yesternight the thought of you was resting in my soul,
And when sleep wandered o'er the world that very thought
she stole
To fill my dreams with splendor such as stars could not
eclipse,
And in the morn I 'wakened with your name upon my lips

Awakened, my beloved, to the morning of your eyes,
Your splendid eyes so full of clouds, wherein a shadow
lies
To overcome the flame that melts into a world of gray,
As coming suns dissolve the dark that veils the edge of day

Cool drifts the air at dawn of day, cool lies the sleeping dew,
But all my heart is burning, for it woke from dreams of you
And O! these longing eyes of mine look out and only see
A dying night, a waking day, a calm on all but me.

So gently creeps the morning thro' the heavy early air,
The dawn gray-garbed and velvet-shod is wand'ring every-
where,
To 'wake the slumber-laden hours that leave their dream-
less rest
With outspread laggard wings to court the pillows of the
west.

Up from the earth a moisture steals with odor fresh and
soft,
A smell of moss and grasses warm with dew, and far aloft
The stars are growing colorless, while drooping in the west
A late wan moon is paling in a sky of amethyst.

The passing of the shadows as they wait their plaints near
Has stirred a tender wind within the night-hushed atmos-
phere,
That in its homeless wandering sobs in an undertone
An echo to my heart that sobbing calls for you alone.

The night is chained, beloved, and another day set free,
Another day of hunger for the one I may not see,
What care I for the perfect dawn! the blue and empty skies!
The night is always mine without the morning of your eyes.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Cupid or Cupidity.

For Saturday Night.

There are blessings still in store
When we're desperate of the least;
I have fallen in love once more,
Though I rather thought I'd ceased.
Once again I feel the ache,
And the yearning and the flame,
And the thrill one can't mistake
When one hears the lady's name.

She's so positively rich,
Quite a host of fellows vow
That she ought to settle which
She proposes to endow.
But her heart's a secret shrine
Where a magic fountain drips;
She would scorn to waste love's wine
On their avaricious lips.

I exhibit ignorance
Of my father's stocks and shares,
And when people talk finance,
I wear transcendental airs.
Yet with wariness and wile
Though my wits are well combined,
Still her red lips do not smile
Nor her pretty eyes grow kind.

Every hope and wish beside,
Every prospect, mean or large,
I'd forego if she'd confide
Her dear future to my charge.
For love little recks of thrift
When youth's passion gathers heat,
All my life in one great gift,
I would lavish at her feet.

She has self-assertive ways,
And her plans are all her own;
What she purchases or pays,
Is her business alone.
But upon her haughty brow
Other records will appear;
There is many a happy vow
To be whispered in her ear.

Not in politics profound,
Yet she's clever in the house;
And she'll stand upon her ground
During rumors of a mouse.
She has never swooned from fright
When a chimney went on fire,
While a thunderstorm at night
Is a thing we both admire.

She has principles of dress
Which respect the latest code,
But she quite avoids excess
And abhors the waspish mode.
She has never heaped her head
With a trophy of the chase;
She objects to brilliant red
And despises modern lace.

With a talent quite unfeigned,
She is court and kitchen wise;
Most unusually trained,
She can cook and criticise.
She could bake you white or brown,
And the servants proudly say
You must tie her sponge cake down,
Lest it rise and float away.

For good music and high art,
For the ball room and the street,
Growing native in her heart,
That rare blossom—Taste—you meet.
She detests (I hate it too)
All society veneer,
And the way she looks it through
Is distractingly severe.

While the flowers that seek the sun
Are the soonest flowers to fall,
Fruit the hardest to be won
Is the sweetest after all.
So I humor her conceits,
And endeavor not to vex;
Could you win her, Hope repeats,
You could sign your name to cheques.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

A Woman's Scorn.

Her perfect loveliness was chilled
With stern patrician pride
That always made me feel half snubbed
When e'er I gained her side;
Yet by the sea I learned with her
To watch the day decline,
E'en though her name began with Miss
And Mr. prefaced mine.

For round her breathed an air of love
No formal arts concealed,
And yester eve—thrice happy hour—
A kiss my heart revealed.
I heeded not her flaming scorn
Nor meekly paused to parley,
But clasped her close, for in her wrath
She cried "How dare you, Charlie!"

P. MacArthur in Munsey's Weekly.

Noted People.

The Empress Eugenie is traveling in Norway under an assumed name.

Emperor William of Germany has been studying the Russian language for a year.

By her will Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the English poetess, who died recently, leaves $315,000 to charitable and educational establishments for women.

A philanthropic desire to fit herself to be a nurse has led Lady Alexandria Leveson-Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, to enter a London hospital.

The Grand Duchess Xenia, daughter of the Czar, who is engaged to be married to her second cousin, the Grand Duke Alexander, is but 15 years of age.

Olive Schreiner, the author of An African Farm, has, it is said, a liking for raw meat. She takes her beefsteak just warm enough to remove the effects of the ice-box.

The small Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, is said to be growing exactly like her mother. The little girl is an enthusiastic entomologist, and never leaves the Castle of Laxenburg, where she lives, without a butterfly net.

Her Majesty the Queen pays great attention to the floral wreaths which she sends out. Inquiry is made as to what were the favorite flowers of the deceased person, and if it is possible they are obtained. All the Royal wreaths are made at the gardens at Frogmore.

A voting contest lately instituted by a popular London paper shows Miss Braddon to be the favorite novelist of the English public, Rider Haggard following two hundred votes behind that inexhaustible story-teller, and Walter Besant pushing Mr. Haggard close.

One of Horace Greeley's nephews is a barber in a little town in Warren county, Pa. In personal appearance he is not unlike his distinguished uncle. He thinks Horace might also have become a great barber if he had not got switched off in another direction when he was young and immature.

While the Empress Frederick has been in London she has been engaged on a strange tour of inspection. Accompanied by her German architect and several well-known gentlemen who make a specialty of baths, she has visited a number of large houses in London in order to get some fresh ideas for baths to fit up in her own home.

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, is a hoary-haired man with a scholarly stoop, and still presides over the Phonetic Institute, Bath, England. He is rising seventy-eight, yet he supervises a correspondence of thirty thousand letters a year, besides editing the *Phonetic Journal* and compiling the numerous books which he annually publishes.

Sir Robert Rawlinson is a Lancashire self-made man. On one occasion, while passing through Chorley, he pointed to a step and said, "That step is well set." His friend, who was a well-known lawyer, laughed heartily, and said, "How should I know?" He, in reply, said, "Well I know it is, for I set it myself," having worked as a working stonemason in Chorley.

The famous preacher, Rev. Phillips Brooks, takes no summer vacation, but is found in his place Sunday after Sunday, throughout the hot weather. His friend Judge Howland delights to tell the story of the Rugby football player, who, when he saw the massive figure of the Boston minister loom up in the chapel pulpit, exclaimed: "Great heavens! what a man for a center rush!"

A *bon mot*, to which fate has since added an ironical comment, has been attributed to the ex-Emperor of Brazil. On being shown one of those mechanical wonders, which always interested him more than the cares of government, a wheel that made we know not how many revolutions in the minute: "Why," said the monarch, "it actually beats our South American republics."

A young woman requested Moltke and Bismarck to write in her album. The marshal wrote: "Falsehood passes away, truth remains.—Von Moltke, Field Marshal." Bismarck took the pen and added: "I know very well the truth will prevail in the next world; but, in the meantime, a field marshal himself would be powerless against falsehood in this world.—Von Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire."

The Czar of Russia is especially fond of his Finnish possessions, because only in Finland does he feel himself safe from assassination. At present, accompanied by the Czarina and their children, he is making his annual picnic cruise among the Finnish islands. Sometimes the royal party lands for five o'clock tea, when the emperor gathers sticks for the fire, and the empress boils the kettle. They travel and live like any plain *bourgeois* couple, the Czar in tweeds, in which he looks enormous, and the Czarina in the simplest of yachting costumes.

The Duchess of Leinster, who, at the late state ball at Buckingham Palace, wore diamond epaulettes, a diamond corselet, many coils of lightly mounted diamonds—like glancing serpents—among the laces of her toilette, a diamond tiara, diamond bracelets, and more diamond brooches and buckles than the dazzled beholders could count, is not a mere fine lady. At Maynooth, in Ireland, she has established an industrial school for poor women and girls, under charge of the nuns, where the pupils are taught various industries, and where the beautiful young duchess herself both teaches in the classes, and tries to improve the forlorn condition of the peasants, who adore her.

Mrs. Adair of Rathdaire, Ireland, who, according to English newspapers, has refused an offer of $1,750,000 for her cattle ranch in Colorado, holding the property for a round two millions, is the daughter of Gen. Wadsworth of Genesee, N. Y. At one time she was a dangerous rival of Mrs. Hammersley for the title of Duchess of Marlborough and such affections as the graceless duke had to bestow with it. Indeed, the Oxford *Chronicle* and Berks *Gazette*, published at the town nearest the ducal seat, in its issue of September 17, 1885, announced the engagement of the Duke of Marlborough and Mrs. Adair. Mrs. Adair was the widow of Col. Montgomery Ritchie, U. S. A., when she married John George Adair, Esq., of Rathdaire, Queens Co., Ireland. She is a beauty and a capital conversationist, while her reputation as a cross-country rider is the best in Ireland. Her social supremacy is recognized in the county.

The recent meeting between the Queen and the Empress Frederick calls to mind the following story, which is characteristic of Her Majesty's eldest daughter's notions and practice of discipline. Prince Henry, the brother of the present Emperor, had, when a small boy, the greatest objection to his daily bath, and the nursery became every morning the scene of a vigorous and tearful struggle on his part against tubbing. His mother tried in vain to persuade him that baths were inevitable, and that he must submit to them; but she finally gave the nurse orders one morning to let him have his own way. Prince Henry, confident that he had gained a remarkable victory, was exultant, and when he set out for his morning walk took no pains to conceal his triumph. He indulged in sundry taunting remarks to his attendants; but on returning home he was surprised to notice that the sentinel at the gate did not present arms as he passed. On reaching the palace he found a second sentinel equally remiss; and, knowing as well as any of his punctilious military race what was due to his rank, the little fellow walked up to the man and asked, severely:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, Hohein," said the sentinel, standing motionless.

"Who am I?"

"Prince Heinrich."

"Why don't you salute, then?"

"Because we do not present arms to an unwashed prince," replied the sentinel, who had received his orders from the prince's mother.

The little fellow said not a word, but walked on. Next morning he took his bath with perfect docility, and was never known to complain of it again.

Love's Dream.

For Saturday Night.

Cupid, on a sultry day in June,
A shelter sought from the fervent noon.

He espied a cool inviting shade,
A friendly shadow the hawthorns made.

Some poppies flaunted their blossoms nigh
And wheat stalks rustled a lullaby.

The summer silence was calm and deep
And the drowsy boy inclined to sleep.

He placed, as he pressed his mossy bed,
His fateful quiver beneath his head.

His eyelids drooped 'neath the languid day
Until on his cheeks their lashes lay.

A zephyr gave him a parting kiss,
He dreamed, and the dream of love was this:

He dreamt there stood in his very way
A maiden fair as the flush of day.

He drew, as he marked her rosy lips,
An arrow's head to his finger tips,

Let fly the dart in a vengeful way,
The charming target to wound or slay.

But smitten he seemed with feeble will,
He could not wound her, nor could he kill.

Dart after dart that he sped in vain
He saw her catch with a cool disdain.

Then Love awoke, in enraged surprise,
And muttered, "She, whom I first meet, dies!"

When lo, on a bank beside the plain
A maiden sat with a wooing swain.

Said Love, "A couple distraught they seem,
Before I wound them I'll tell my dream."

So he sat him down between the pair,
And told his dream with a vexed air.

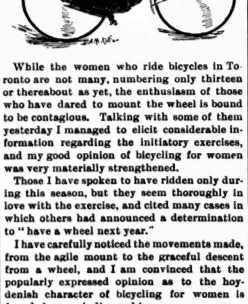
And as he talked in the fading light,
His vengeful threat was forgotten quite.

Then up he arose and bade adieu,
And a shadow fell between the two.

"Love seems distressed by his dream," said he.
"Ah! Love does little but dream," said she.

E. CROOKENDEN.

Toronto Girls and the Wheel.



While the women who ride bicycles in Toronto are not many, numbering only thirteen or thereabout as yet, the enthusiasm of those who have dared to mount the wheel is bound to be contagious. Talking with some of them yesterday I managed to elicit considerable information regarding the initiatory exercises, and my good opinion of bicycling for women was very materially strengthened.

Those I have spoken to have ridden only during this season, but they seem thoroughly in love with the exercise, and cited many cases in which others had announced a determination to "have a wheel next year."

I have carefully noticed the movements made, from the agile mount to the graceful descent from a wheel, and I am convinced that the popularly expressed opinion as to the hoydenish character of bicycling for women is founded on prejudice and ignorance.

The position assumed is an entirely graceful one, and a woman's seat on the wheel is attended with far more true elegance and naturalness of figure than in a saddle.

I was much surprised at the apparent ease with which the art of riding was acquired. The whole secret seemed to be to stay on and look graceful, and graceful they certainly were, with the well-timed movement, erect position and dainty costume appointments.

In bicycling, as in every other form of energetic exercise, the dress for the occasion is of the simplest description and quite severe in its fashioning. The complete outfit is marked by a trimness which suggests at once the orthodox riding-habit. The head-gear, though, is more jaunty, the stiff hat being replaced by a natty cap in the most approved style. Regarding the length of the riding-skirt I found some differences of opinion, one assuring me that it should be at least three inches shorter than a walking dress, and another affirming as her belief that it was much better if longer than for ordinary wear. The same difference of opinion is manifested by the occasional departure from the postilion bodice.

"I wear a blouse with turned down collar, for there is considerable exercise about riding and I like the freedom," said one ardent bicycleene.

In bicycling the rider's personality is very obvious, for the dexterous or unskilful management of her wheel depends so entirely upon her grace or awkwardness.

The women who ride bicyles in Toronto have been much annoyed by the close attention which invariably greeted them on even the quietest streets, while some very funny incidents are still bright in their memories. It was the emphatic avowal of more than one daring rider that people stared unmercifully. So much so that wheels were left unused for some little time after encountering a particularly embarrassing crowd of starers.

One pretty dark-haired girl while speaking of the annoyance of running the gauntlet of curious eyes laughed merrily over the description of a small boy who was much interested in her wheel. The urchin's one wild desire was to hear her ring her bell and he hurried after her half breathless, while his coaxing query: "Won't you ring yer bell, missis," was very amusing. "The trouble was," said the laughing narrator, "that he wanted me to go on ringing it." The story of the importunate little urchin, to whom the familiar ting-a-ling-ling gave such pleasure, was illustrative of only one of the odd phases of bicycling on country roads.

Toronto's female bicyclists do not confine themselves to wheeling over asphalt pavements, for I learned that Weston, Victoria Park and the Half-Way House were not unusual rides, and the query regarding lengthened fatigue was met with a smiling negative. An evening's wheeling does not tire more than an evening's walking, and the distance traveled means so much more pure country air for the time out.

To me the tall wheel with its male rider flying alongside a lady's safety which a girl, with well-trained muscles, is speeding over a level road is a very pretty picture. The "boys" seem delighted to add to the wheel's popularity through the manifest enthusiasm of their sisters and friends, while I know of one husband who rides very often, and is almost invariably accompanied by his wife on her well-managed bicycle. "People do say dreadful thing and look very scornfully," said this same little woman, "but I am fond of it, and my husband wants me to ride with him, so if it pleases him and I like it, I don't care what they say." This is surely the proper spirit with which to begin a run. People are so ready to denounce the new as the naughty that new customs have much to fight. There is an innate something which looks askance at innovations, and in ignorance singles out some fanciled disparaging feature. Once established, this unjust conclusion becomes a foundation for often the most unpardonable prejudice.

Girls' lives to-day must differ from their grandmothers' girlhoods, and the idea of freedom is becoming well sustained in the minds of parents. Whatever conduces to health and broadens the mind, is likely to prove a strong factor of happiness, so the girls may wheel if they choose, while the wiseacres shake their heads and prophesy broken necks and hoydens.

Bicycling for women is yet in its infancy among us, but it is not unlikely that it will prove a most popular form of recreation in the very near future, for the boundless enthusiasm of those who ride, and the easily-detected exhilaration of the movement will be sure to bring many to swell the ranks of the Toronto bicycleenes.

A very delightful picture was presented quite recently on Carlton street, as a well-guided lady's safety sped along, accompanied by a most protective-looking high wheel. The ride had been a brisk one, for the girl's face was glowing, while the dancing eyes told of vigor yet unspent. The wind's havoc with well-pinned tresses was not unapparent. The free, strong movements bespoke great energy and strength. The laughing face turned up now and then, and the gleeful little laugh which was swept towards me indicated the pleasure enjoyed, while clusters of wild flowers straggling along her bodice, told me of a little wayside loitering out yonder, a little gay garnering of uncultivated blossoms, and a pleasant ride throughout, to which this brisk run along Carlton, in the gray dusk, was a most delightful finish.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

High License vs. Prohibition.

Temperance Advocate—I see you have high license in your town. How does it operate?

Col. Humouse—Miserable. There are few saloons that you can't enter one without having to treat a dozen friends; and, there being no competition, the whisky is vile. High license is a failure. Give me prohibition, and plenty of drug-stores.

The Sunday Paper.

The demand for the Sunday paper steadily increases in spite of the feeble opposition made to it. As a brain product it is as marvelous a thing as marks this progressive literary age. It is an eclectic volume calculated to meet the tastes of all grades of readers, and represents the labor and thought of some of the ablest minds in the country. Back of each issue are hundreds of cultured workers and ready pens. Art written up by artists, sports by sportsmen, educational matters by educators, religious progress by the best known divines, novelettes by popular fiction writers, humor by heaviest salaried American wits, seaside letters by the breziest correspondents, national growth and advancement by the ablest statesmen, and in fact everything of importance from the pens of specialists who are recognized authorities on the subjects handled. The photographic art and the wonderful mechanical processes for producing illustrations have made many of these papers picture books, in which are reproduced not only interesting scenes and sketches, but portraits of successful men and women, and pictures of every novelty produced by art or invention. The Sunday paper is an article which it takes hundreds of scholars and thousands of dollars to produce, and it is sold for less than the price of an ordinary loaf of bread. The Sunday paper has brought to the masses food for the mind at a lower rate than man's greatest endeavor has brought food for the stomach; and it can no more be stopped than the electrical current or the tidal wave.

Kind Words for Canada's Summer.]

The number is one of beauty, and handsomely illustrated. We have yet to see a finer production in the shape of a holiday number.—*Pickering News.*

The Sheppard Publishing Co. of Toronto has issued a very creditable holiday number entitled Canada's Summer, being a fine contexst to the winter productions which have led to an erroneous opinion of our country abroad.—*Newmarket Era.*

The work is neat but not gorgeous. The reading matter is light but not sensational. It contains thirty-two pages of reading matter in prose and poetry, and ought to prove a pleasant companion to those who may or can afford to pass an afternoon in some sylvan retreat far from the dust and toil of city life.—*York Herald.*

The Summer number of SATURDAY NIGHT, issued by the Sheppard Publishing Co. of Toronto, is a remarkably fine one—richly illustrated and full of literary matter which cannot fail to both instruct and entertain the reader.—*Colborne Express.*

The idea of a summer number of a Canadian newspaper is an excellent one, and may serve in a measure to show our continental friends that there is a summer in this country and that Canadians do not dwell in a region of perpetual Christmas numbers. The illustrations are excellent, and the number is full of timely short stories and poetry by acknowledged clever writers.—*Brantford Expositor.*

It is one of the handsomest illustrated papers ever gotten up in the Queen City. The plates are superb, while the literary matter shows signs of having been carefully selected.—*Stratford Times.*

The Holiday Number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is a credit to the publishers. The covers are printed in blue and gold, and present a neat and tasty appearance, while the inside is well printed on fine, heavy paper, profusely illustrated, and filled with interesting reading and poetry.—*Northumberland Enterprise.*

The Summer Holiday Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is a very excellent one. The contents are varied and of unusual interest, comprising a number of short stories, poetry of more than ordinary merit, and beautiful illustrations. Where Roads Meet, by the talented editor, Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard, is alone worth more than double the price of the number. It is written in his usual easy, natural style, and will charm every reader. The whole number is a very creditable production, and one that all Canadians may be proud to send to their friends abroad.—*Port Hope Times.*

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT Holiday Number is beautifully gotten up as regards type, presswork, paper form and contents, and is a credit to the Sheppard Publishing Co. that issued it.—*Port Dover Maple Leaf.*

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT came out in a remarkably fine holiday number, in an illuminated cover, profusely illustrated. The Rope Ferry, leaving the Lake, Mortgaging the Homestead, The Story *a la* Rembrant and others make very charming pictures. The reading matter is of a superior order and does credit to the firm.—*Albert (N. B.) Maple Leaf.*

The Holiday Number of THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is very neatly gotten up, and the articles are well written, racy and thoroughly Canadian.—*Bruce Herald*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has issued a carnival holiday number which, both as a work of art and an interesting literary contribution, will take first rank in current literature.—*Meaford Monitor.*

While the Carnival was a sell the same cannot be said of the Summer Number of the SATURDAY NIGHT. The publishers of this sprightly society journal have issued a most creditable Carnival Number full of interesting reading matter and illustrated with a number of excellent Canadian views.—*South Simcoe News.*

The Sheppard Publishing Co. of Toronto issued a special Carnival Number last week which is a very handsome and meritorious production, peculiarly appropriate to the summer season. In literary and artistic merit it is far ahead of what the occasion deserved.—*Goderich Star.*

By all odds the finest midsummer holiday publication that has reached our table is that of THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, from the Sheppard Publishing Co. It is certainly a credit to this enterprising firm of publishers.—*Bedford (Que.) Times.*

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, a society paper published in the Queen City, issued on July 1 a special holiday number, with stories and readings in prose and verse, suitable to the season, prominence being given in the numerous illustrations to the beauties of outdoor life, which are nowhere more beautiful than in Canada. Altogether it is quite an ambitious effort.—*St. John (N. B.) Globe*

The Holiday Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is a credit to Canadian journalism.—*Almonte Times.*

It is a very creditable production, magnificently illustrated and containing a large amount of excellent reading.—*Leamington Post.*

We have received a very beautiful copy of SATURDAY NIGHT, issued by the Sheppard Publishing Co., Toronto. It is entitled CANADA'S SUMMER.—*St. Marys Argus.*

The holiday number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is finely illustrated and contains numerous sketches of Canadian summer resorts, interspersed with short stories adapted to the holiday season.—*St. Thomas Evening Journal.*

It is a fine specimen of printing, and is full of the choicest original contributions and selections from story-writers, poets and the comic writer. It is profusely illustrated, and most of the sketches are original.—*Perth Courier.*

There are in the book 35 pages, consisting of a superior class of reading matter, the subjects treated being fully illustrated, together with six full page illustrations. The number is gotten up in the finest style of the art, and with the blue and gold cover makes a very attractive appearance.—*Port Arthur Herald.*

Besides containing a number of excellent literary hits, it opens with a sermonette on Guests, by Louise Mark-cheffel; a short story, Where Roads Meet, by Edmund E Sheppard; an article by Louis Frechette, entitled With Victor Hugo; The Story of a Skull, by Alex. F. Pirie; Only a Younger Son, by Saranac; Why Smith Never Married, by D. A. McKellar; Tangles, by Frances Burton Clare. Throughout the Holiday Number are interspersed poetical selections of a fine order. Coming to us once a week, SATURDAY NIGHT forms a pleasant recreation, and we are impressed with the idea that it is fully performing its duty in giving the fashionable world something solid and tangible with which to occupy the idle moments necessarily belonging to that class of mortals.—*Haldimand Advocate.*

It is replete with Canadian engravings of artistic design, and cannot fail to meet with the success it deserves.—*Niagara Express.*

The publishers of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT have surpassed themselves by the issue of their holiday number under the name of CANADA'S SUMMER. It consists of thirty-two pages of readable original matter, short stories, essays and poetry, printed on luxurious paper and illustrated in a style far above the average holiday editions of Canadian papers. It is finely got up in every respect, and is a pleasure to look at as well as to read.—*St. John, (N. B) Progress.*

We have received a copy of the Summer Number of SATURDAY NIGHT, the great popular weekly, published by Mr. Sheppard, Toronto. This fine number is a daisy and beats all past records.—*Delhi Reporter.*

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT'S holiday number is entitled CANADA'S SUMMER, and has pictures of camp life and fishing. One picture represents The Rope Ferry, an old Canadian institution, swinging on a rope passing over pulleys, still in operation on the Trent river. Two beautiful pictures, The Story and Mortgaging the Homestead, from paintings by G. A. Reid, cannot fail to attract attention.—*Montreal Witness.*

Its publishers, the Sheppard Publishing Co. of Toronto, are to be congratulated upon the handsome appearance of this number. THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is the favorite society and literary paper of Canada and we wish it the success which it so well merits.—*Liverpool (N.S.) Times.*

It is a rare work and a credit to Canadian journalism.—*Pictou (N.S.) Colonial Standard.*

We can only say that the number is highly creditable to the publisher and contains some rare gems of Canadian literature.—*Elora Express.*

The holiday number of SATURDAY NIGHT is superbly got up and reflects great credit on the Sheppard Publishing Company. It is called CANADA'S SUMMER, and a very good title it gives of Canada in verse and prose. The number is magnificently illustrated, and will be a charming companion during a holiday.—*Regina (N. W. T.) Leader.*

CANADA'S SUMMER is the title of an admirable holiday number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, which contains a large amount of interesting reading, profusely illustrated.—*Orillia Packet.*

The special Summer Number of the SATURDAY NIGHT "is a thing of beauty." It is full of charming stories, sweet lyrics and splendid illustrations. The artistic finish is a credit to young Miss Canada.—*Meaford Mirror.*

CANADA'S SUMMER Number of SATURDAY NIGHT is a beautiful specimen of skilful work. The engravings are almost as real as life and the camping scenes remind us of our own beautiful islands in the Georgian Bay, and were it not that the description says they are scenes on islands in Stony Lake we would imagine ourselves in camp on Georgian Bay.—*Midland Free Press.*

The publishers of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT have issued a beautifully illustrated Summer holiday number.—*Blyth Standard.*

He—O, do say you will marry me! Why don't you answer?
She (hesitating)—Er—I—er—er—
He—Why, anyone would think I had asked you to sing!—*Life.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Lord Cameron admired Wallace's independence, yet, while he saw he would hurt him deeply by insisting upon his acceptance of the check, he could not feel satisfied to accept as a gift the valuable plans which he had executed for him.

He therefore said no more about the money, but, before he slept, he wrote several letters to prominent parties in New York, whom he knew, in which he spoke with highest praise of Wallace's talents as an architect, and solicited their influence and patronage for him in the future.

"Perhaps these may prove to be of more advantage to you than the commission that other envelope which you rejected," he remarked, with a smile, as he slipped half a dozen letters of introduction into his hands just before they retired.

"You are very thoughtful, Cameron," Wallace said appreciatively; "and I thankfully make use of these."

The fifth of October, the date of Wallace's departure, dawned a bright, lovely morning.

Lord Cameron had arranged to accompany him to Liverpool determined to delay their parting to the last moment, and dreading more than he could express the return to his estate in Essex County, when he would begin to realize something of the loneliness of his own situation. Wallace's illness, and the care which he had been forced to give him, he now realized had been a great blessing to him, for it had prevented, in a measure, his brooding over his own troubles.

Vane had made thoughtful provision for his friend's voyage, supplying him with everything he could think of to make his passage comfortable and pleasant, and the two men, after taking an affectionate leave of Lady Isabel, who also had become very fond of Wallace, drove away to catch the express for Liverpool.

As they were passing through one of the busy thoroughfares of the city, their progress was hindered for a few moments by a blockade of vehicles.

While waiting for an opportunity to advance, another carriage, going in the opposite direction, slowly passed through the stream of teams was not blocked on the other side of the street—and when it was directly opposite them the face of a woman looking out from the window, for an instant, then the coach passed on, and she was lost to view.

An agonized cry had burst from Wallace at that moment, and that, with his fixed stare at the passing carriage, caused Lord Cameron also to glance that way; but he only caught a fleeting glimpse of the outline of a delicate face framed in golden hair, then she vanished beyond his sight.

"Violet!" gasped Wallace, with ashen lips, and trembling violently from head to foot. "Did you see her? Oh, let me out, quick! quick! I must find her!"

He was terribly agitated and unnerved, almost frantic, in fact, and Lord Cameron greatly feared another attack such as had previously prostrated him.

He reached out his hand and pushed him firmly, yet kindly, back upon his seat.

"Be quiet, Richardson," he said, with gentle authoritativeness. "It could not have been Violet. It was but a delusion, a fancied resemblance, or a trick of the imagination. Violet is dead. Did I not see her with my own eyes? Did I not care for her, and lay her to rest beneath the shade of that grand old beech—while you yourself have seen her grave."

"Oh, but it—the face—was so like—so like!" murmured Wallace, still fearfully overcome.

"My friend," Vane continued, while he tried to control his own startled nerves, "you must not allow yourself to be so unnerved by a fancied, or even a real resemblance to the loved one whom you have lost. It is not unlikely you may meet it again some time, but you must bear it bravely. This great sorrow has been sent upon you, and you must meet it with courage and resignation, as one who believes in God should meet the trials which He sends upon you. There is work for you to do, and if you do, or your life would not have been spared; take it up, carry it on to its fulfilment, and do not ruin your health, your brain, your great talent, by allowing the ghost of your lost happiness to haunt and weaken you thus."

The young man spoke gravely and very earnestly, but his own face was almost as pallid as Wallace's, and it was easy to see that he had been deeply moved by what had occurred. It might easily be that he was striving to fortify his own sore heart and wounded spirit with the admonitions that he was giving his friend.

Wallace wiped the perspiration from his face, and strove manfully to recover his self possession; but it was no easy thing to do, and it was long before he regained his natural color, or ceased to tremble visibly.

"I know what you say must be true," he returned, when he could speak, "and my common sense tells me that I was deceived—that the face could not have been Violet's; and yet—if I could follow and find the woman who looks so much like her—who seemed to be her exact counterpart, I believe it would comfort me—would help to ease this ceaseless aching, this never-ending longing of my heart. If—

"It would not," said Lord Cameron, positively, "it would but unsettle you the more; and now that I come to think of it I recall that face—though I caught but the merest glimpse of its outline—was thinner and older than Violet's."

He immediately changed the subject and strove to divert the mind of his friend from the painful incident, but while he endeavored to talk and appear like himself, he was secretly greatly shaken by what had occurred.

The journey to Liverpool was spent in discussing Lord Cameron's plans regarding the school for the children of his tenants and the home for aged people and orphans, and the young earl exacted a promise from Wallace that, when the buildings were completed and ready for occupancy, he would come again to England to be present at their dedication, and pronounce his verdict upon them.

"You will not need to be absent from your business more than three weeks or a month," he said, "and I am sure you will have earned the right to that much of a vacation by that time. However, I shall see you again before then, since I do not intend to entirely desert the land of my birth, where my heart, I think, must be in England, and every year I shall make a short trip to America. I am not going to lose sight of my friend and his sweetheart, Richardson, we are pledged to each other for life."

The hand which he extended with this remark was warmly grasped, and both young men felt that their souls were "knit unto each other" in a bond as strong and tender as that which had united David and Jonathan of old.

The steamer was to sail at sundown, and the little time that intervened, after their arrival in Liverpool, the two friends spent in looking over the mammoth vessels.

When at last the signal for departure sounded, they parted with a lingering hand clasp and a simple "God bless you;" but Lord Cameron as he journeyed back alone to his princely home, felt as if half the light had gone out of his life.

Wallace had a quick and comfortable passage, and, having cabled the time of his departure, and the name of the steamer, found his partner awaiting him at the pier upon his arrival in New York.

He greeted him with great warmth, which had in it an undertone of genuine sympathy for his troubles, and then informed him that he had just secured a contract for a sixty-thousand-dollar building; remarking, too, that he hoped Wallace felt in the spirit for work, as they would have their hands full during the coming year.

"Work will be the mainspring of my life after this," Wallace briefly returned, but he appeared gratified with the encouraging report of business which his partner had given him.

He threw himself heart and soul into his profession from that day. He worked at his office from morning until evening, when not out upon duties of inspection, and for hours in his own room at night; worked to keep his mind from dwelling upon his great sorrow, and until he was so weary in body that sleep came to him, unbidden, as soon as his head touched his pillow.

He took the earliest opportunity possible to present his letters of introduction to the men to whom Lord Cameron had addressed in his behalf.

These recommendations proved to be worth a great deal to him, for to be valued friend of an English earl and a man of genius as well, were facts calculated to give him prestige with even the most conservative, and business flowed in upon the firm of Harlow & Richardson in such a continuous stream that they bade fair to have more work than they could handle.

At the close of the first year, after Wallace's return, they found they had cleared twenty thousand dollars, while they had contracts ahead for another twelve months, besides applications that were constantly coming in.

Wallace had never been in better health than during this time. He had grown stronger, for, got himself in it, and was fast winning a name and fame that promised to place him, not far in the future, at the head of his profession; while already rumors of his success had reached how been set afloat in his old home in Cincinnati, and people there were beginning to talk of the "prosperous young Richardson" whom they had once known only as an humble carpenter.

He had acquired also during this year both strength of character and dignity of bearing, and was a grand-looking young man.

He went, now and then, into society, for Mr. Harlow, who was some years his senior, had a delightful home and a lovely wife, and they insisted upon his visiting them occasionally. In this way he met many agreeable people, who, in their turn, solicited his presence in their homes.

But society had comparatively few attractions for him, even though several ambitious mothers smiled encouragingly upon the rising young architect, and many fair, bright-eyed damsels made alluring glances at him.

But he had no heart to offer any one, and met all these advances with quiet, but dignified courtesy.

He heard regularly from Lord Cameron, who was throwing all his energies toward pushing his benevolent schemes to completion, and the building which Wallace had planned would, he wrote, be finished and ready for occupancy by another spring.

"I had intended to visit America before this," his last letter said, "but the press of business and the delicate state of his mother's health thus far prevent it, I hope, however, before many weeks should pass to tread again the familiar streets of New York."

He also stated that he had met Mr. and Mrs. Mencke once during last year. It was during the London season, and he and his mother had run across them at a brilliant reception—a circumstance that surprised him somewhat, as he did not suppose they would go into society so soon after the death of their sister.

The meeting had proved, in this way, that, as he did not suppose they would go into society so soon after the death of their sister.

After making an extended tour of the Alps, Mr. and Mencke had returned to London to meet Mrs. Hawley, who was to spend a few weeks there and then go on to Milan, to remain for the winter with Nellie Bailey, who had concluded to devote another year to her beloved music before returning to America.

Mrs. Hawley was a sweet, kind, yet dearly loved society, and always had a long list of engagements—one who had it in her power to be a charming one, and yet could be a welcome guest wherever she went—consequently, it was perfectly natural that she should wish her friend to participate in her enjoyment.

Mrs. Mencke at first faintly demurred upon the ground of being in mourning, but Mrs. Hawley, who did not believe in mourning anyway, easily over-ruled her scruples.

"What is the harm?" she questioned. "You cannot do Violet any good by secluding yourself, and no one here knows you well enough to gossip about you. It would be different, perhaps, if you were at home, where people have known you all your life."

Mrs. Mencke, who liked gay life as well as any one, smothered her conscience, and, never doing things by halves, went everywhere.

It was at a reception given by the American consul that she met Lord Cameron and his mother, Lady Isabel, having been an intimate friend of the gentleman's family when her home was in New York.

Mrs. Mencke, ignoring entirely the barriers that had risen between them at Mentone, appeared delighted to meet her "dear friends;" but the greetings upon their part were decidedly cool, while Lady Cameron looked the reproaches she could not utter at Mrs. Mencke's gay manner and attire, and uttered a sigh of regret that the gentle girl, whom she had begun to love as a daughter, should so soon have been forgotten by her only relative.

"Are you in London for any length of time, Lady Cameron?" Mrs. Mencke inquired, secretly hoping that she might get an invitation to visit her at her town-house.

"Only for a week or two longer, as my son's affairs call him to his estate in Essex," was the somewhat formal reply.

"Indeed! and have you been in town long!"

"About a month."

"Really! I wonder that we have not met before, then," Mrs. Mencke remarked, with some surprise.

"It is not strange," said Lady Cameron, with a sigh, "for my son and I are still too sad to care to go much into company, and we should not have been at this reception, but for a special request of your consul, who is an old and valued friend."

Mrs. Mencke colored vividly at this reply, and began to make excuses for her own presence there; but Lady Cameron, with a disparaging glance at her more elegant and showy costume, only bowed with reserved courtesy in reply, and then, as Lord Cameron accosted an acquaintance who was approaching, she excused herself and turned to greet her friend, leaving Mrs. Mencke boiling with rage over their distant reception, and bitterly disappointed at not having secured an invitation even to call upon them.

She felt humiliated as well as angry, and too wrought up to longer enjoy the gayeties of the evening, she retired at an early hour from the reception.

The unhappy woman had other causes, aside from the failure of her matrimonial schemes and the contempt of the Cameron, for anxiety and unhappiness.

Her husband, during the last few months, while visiting various resorts, had developed an alarming taste for gambling, and had to her knowledge, lost large sums of money; while he seemed perfectly reckless in his expenditure, and she felt sure, though she did not yet dream the worst, that their own as well as Violet's fortune was fast melting away.

Deep and frequent potations at the cup, too, were showing their effect upon him; he was growing more gross and coarse, and his temper suffered in proportion with the continuous nervous excitement under which he was laboring.

All this must have an end sooner or later, she knew, but she was not prepared to have it come so soon as it did.

Four weeks after her meeting with the Camerons, he came home, late one night, from a terrible orgie. His face was bloated and crimson from drink; his eyes wild and bloodshot, his hair disheveled, and his clothing soiled and disordered.

Coming rudely into his wife's presence he cried out, in a maudlin manner:

"It's all gone!—hic—every—dollar we had in the world, and, Belle, we're—hic—beggars!"

"What do you mean, Will?" his wife demanded, with a sinking heart and white face.

"Are you deaf?" he bawled, with another oath. "We're—hic—beggars, I tell—hic—you just—hic—rattled away the—hic—last dollar."

There was a scene then, as might be expected, for Mrs. Mencke was not a woman to tamely submit to such wrong and abuse, and the thought that the whole of her own, as well as Violet's fortune, had been squandered at the gaming-table and the race track was more than she could bear. She could talk as few women can talk, and when she had ceased her denunciations, Wilhelm Mencke was completely sobered, and sat pale, and sullen, and cowed before her.

She did not realize how exceedingly bitter and stinging her denunciations were until the next morning, when, upon rising, she found the jewel-box, in which she kept the jewelry which she commonly wore, and her costly and more valuable gems being locked in a trunk, fortunately together with all that Violet had possessed, was rifled of its contents and her husband gone, together with his traveling-bag and a change of clothes.

The desertion of her husband was the most humiliating of all her troubles; but her proud spirit would not yield to even this blow. She calmly stated that her husband had been suddenly called home and that she was to follow him by the next steamer.

Fortunately she had considerable money with her, and she settled every bill with a brave front, and finally took her departure from the hotel with as much pomp and state as she had maintained throughout her sojourn there.

She was ill from the day of her flight. Night she was crossing the Atlantic alone, and immediately upon reaching New York proceeded to Cincinnati in the hope of saving something by the sale of her house and furniture. The house had already been disposed of, though she learned that not much had been realized on it, as it was then heavily mortgaged and the sale was a forced one.

This fact told her that her husband was in America, though no one had seen him, and the sale had been through an agent, and she tried to feel thankful that he had had the grace to leave her the furniture. This she turned into money, but it did not bring her a third of its real value, for she was forced to sacrifice it at auction.

The money was the proud woman's boasted wealth and position! Where now her vaunted superiority over the "low-born carpenter" because his poverty?

Gone! for she had not—aside from some valuable jewels and clothing—a thousand dollars in the world, while she had the enforced mortification of realizing the stern fact that she would be obliged to seek some employment in order to live honestly.

It was the bitterest drop in her already bitter cup, and, too proud to remain in the city where she had hitherto been a leader in society, she silently disappeared from the place, and no one knew whither she had gone.

(To be Continued.)

As She Is.

What disappointment sad it is to see
Her as she is, not as she ought to be!
This summer girl, whose praise the poets sing,
While Cupid hovers near with fluttering wing,
And eager pens are piled, and fancy warms
Beneath the glow of her imagined charms,
For freckles spangle cheeks that once were fair,
Lank hangs the perspiration-plastered hair
Will listless droops the amazing marvelled eye:
No melody is in her plaintive sigh;
The languid footfalls seem filled with dreary thud;
What was complexion is albescent mud.
In vain the poet pauses to unfurl
Page after page about the summer girl,
A disappointment sad it is to see
Her as she is, not as she ought to be.

Somewhat Mistaken.

Woman, equally with man, is the victim of that horny drawback to the pleasures of locomotion—the corn. Whether the wretched excrescence be the offspring of tight boots, or loose boots, or no boots at all, matters but little; the fact remains that it is there, and the next question is, how to get rid of it. To accomplish this end, men generally employ an old razor, condemned as too blunt for the chin, but the ladies are not skilful in the handling of this deadly weapon, and prefer to suffer untold afflictions in secret. Now and then they utter a wail, and one such wailer recently bemoaned her fate to her husband. "Let me slice it off for you," soothingly said he, "or if you have not sufficient confidence in my skill, send for a chiropodist." To neither of these alternatives would the suffering girl but the pain becoming unbearable, she chose the latter. Said the husband, "I shall call on my way down town and tell the fellow to come and see you at two o'clock."

Thereupon the lady duly cautioned her maid that if a man bearing a small leather bag called, he was to be shown up at once to her boudoir. Shortly before the time appointed the front door bell was rung, and a half-and-half sort of gentleman being found on the doorstep, he was ushered forthwith into my lady's chamber. "Ah," said she, "I know what you've come for, but oh, oh, don't please, don't hurt me!" And forthwith she slipped from under her dress the daintiest little pink tootsicum that ever you did spy. Astonished and speechless the man stood transfixed as he gazed at this, the fair patient ejaculated: "You are going to hurt me, I know you are, because you are so silent." Then followed another thrusting forward of the pretty foot, another application of the smelling bottle, and a free screwing up of the courage for the dreaded operation. But a moment afterwards the barefooted beauty was flying helter-skelter from the room, for the visitor had opened his little bag and coolly remarked: "Excuse me, madame, but I have come to tune the piano!"

Over Politeness.

Minister of State (removing into fresh apartments, to landlord)—My good sir, I hope I may die in these beautiful rooms!

Landlord—I shall be delighted, your Excellency, delighted!

The Force of Habit.

An absent-minded young barrister of Toronto, being out to tea one evening, was invited by his hostess to say grace. With some feeling of trepidation he consented and when the expectant hush had settled on the company he broke forth with, "May it please your lordship and gent——!"

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. P. II., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Born Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

H. C. F.—See Hackluft.

GODFREY VAUGHAN.—See Harry Waters.

DES. Desoronto.—Energetic, ingenious, self-reliant and wilful.

B. H., Brantford.—Yes, Mme. Albani is a Canadian. She was born near Quebec.

MIRA.—Your writing displays candor, simplicity of tastes, generosity and impatience.

PARADOX.—Your writing displays much energy, ambition, self-reliance and tenderness.

DAISY.—Warm-hearted, perseverting, simple in tastes and manner, candid and generous.

BIRDIE.—You are doubt energetic, sympathetic, frank and quick tempered. Conscientiousness is also well-marked.

MACGUFFY.—Your writing is practically genial, candid, free-hearted, impetuous, cheerful and of good practical ability.

BLUE EYES.—Reserve, some selfishness, keen sense of humor, good executive ability and perseverance are shown by your writing.

HARRY WATERS.—This writing shows decidedly eccentricity, much self-will, ostentation, and ambition, with jealous disposition.

PLUTO.—Your writing shows cheerfulness, amiability, decision, perseverance and mirth. They must have been enemies. Do you not think so?

BROWN EYES.—Am glad your sister thought her writing was delineated correctly. Yours shows impetuosity, vanity, self-will, affectionate temperament, ambition and eccentricity.

IRENE.—What an impulsive, kind-hearted, sympathetic little maiden you must be. But do you know, Irene, there are some dashes and curves which show decided wilfulness and a little too much self-esteem.

THE OTHER ONE.—If they were upon sufficiently familiar terms to go about in that way, I see no great objection to the behaviour. It was premature, to say the least, and I too just a little annoyed for the carelessness was so apparent.

GRAY EYES.—You are doubtless lacking in decision, while your impetuous and hopeful temperament is ever constructing plans which you have not the perseverance to carry out. You are generous beyond prudence, hasty but tender.

ALISON.—Perhaps you mean the examinations for teachers' certificates. The next examination will be held August 20. 2. Dark green, pale yellow, brown or gray will look very much nice green if you are careful as to the depth of the shades.

MAUDE.—The small photograph enclosed in your letter shows patience, self-reliance, discretion, much firmness by the mouth, wilfulness, curiosity and obstinacy. It will be destroyed as you ask. Am glad the delineation of the former one contained so much like unto the original.

SUSIE.—Querulous, ambitious, indecisive and strong willed. A straight firm mouth is indicative of energy, determination and perseverance. She is also admired, while full curved lips, however beautiful, are not always accompanied by so fine a mental temperament or so strong will.

BELLA BORTON.—The photograph you enclose is that of a warm-hearted man, whose worst trait is carelessness. His eyes show frankness, generosity, his brow shows pleasant disposition and curiosity, the nose energy and sympathy, the lips mirth and indecision. Have returned the portrait as you asked.

LITTLE NELL, Glengarry.—How you must enjoy your rural retreat. How happy you could spend a few months in no more delightful way. The writing shows romance of feeling, a careless, free and book-loving nature, with perhaps too great a tendency to dreaming. You are courageous and self-esteeming.

GERTHIE.—Selfishness, self-reliance, simplicity of tastes, courage and caution. 1. The cold baths will help you if you are careful in raising the temperature to your constitution. Commence with tepid water and decrease the amount of warm each day.

FLOR.—You will find the quotation in Kenilworth, just where the author leaves the description of the castle and solitary wife to return to a review of affairs at her father's house. I am afraid other inks fade, but I cannot be more explicit. I remember the passage perfectly, it was much struck with it at the time.

SINCERITY, Belleville.—Would think you were mischievous in expression, mobile as to feature and dashing as to general behaviour. Writing shows temper. Be slow to judge others, eccentricity, wilfulness, ambition and ostentation. You are also generous and cheerful. The enclosed resembles this in very many particulars.

ELLA.—Do not be hasty in the matter. It is always well to make a good deal of allowance for fancied slights. One cannot help being very unhappy if little things are allowed to be so troublesome. Hot weather and the general criticismness of circumstances in the summer may be fairly accused of half the troublesome misunderstandings.

MARGUERITE.—I am heartily glad to hear from you again, and your queer little guess about the holidays is quite right. They will come by and by, and I will be very much enjoyed! Fancy! If you will send me an address I will mail you a handbill with pleasure. Many please you. The writing enclosed shows tenderness, good executive ability, dexterity and decision.

BLUE EYES.—Our description of the way in which you recognized your friend's face interests me much. I am glad you are quite satisfied with the delineation. The eyes are shadowed by much trouble, but your relative would likely hold love before all else. The face is a curious mixture of modesty, self-esteem and perseverance incorporated. The delineation was no trouble and so you considered it correct, I am regret.

KATHERINE, Ottawa.—You are mistaken for the words: "And evil is wrought by want of thought, as much as want of heart," occur in Hood's poem The Lady's Dream. Writing shows extreme caution, candor and a little too much self-esteem. Try a mixture of corn starch and orris root. 2. "After the Ball" is a great deal in the silk line of sateen lining in white. Tie the powder in a cheese cloth bag, and you will find it a most convenient adjunct to your toilet table.

BECKY SHARP.—A short upper lip is generally supposed to indicate selfishness, pride and cruelty. 2. Read the best books you can, and think a great deal on the similar things, write some times and above all think hard. Your writing shows impulse, sympathy, decision, perseverance and good imaginative power. Write one whenever you wish, for I shall be very glad to hear from you. Your kind words are quite cheering, and the hot-weather sympathy most acceptable.

CONFIDANTE.—You are quite right, I think, regarding the quotation. 2. Try to cultivate regard for others, and do not allow too much thought to be centered on yourself. Mingling more with those who are only slightly known lead one to suit their conversation to the company, for if you meet only those with whom you are well acquainted it sometimes happens that the exchange of ideas is more of a personal and local character. Your writing shows reserve, extreme caution, suspicion, ambition, perseverance and energy.

SUSIE MCGINNA, Queensborough.—Now, Susie, you have that nerve killed and then let the dentist build it up. Do not let it come to a point where you hear the pain, for losing teeth makes one look dreadful. 2. Some people suffer on the least provocation from headaches. I think there is nothing which will cure the very bad habit, but of course proper diet has a great deal to do with it, as with almost everything else in this world. Yours shows very good intuitive perception, generosity, wilfulness, some petulance and a cheerful disposition.

CALLA LILY.—Now, my dear Calla Lily, that is scarcely fair. Such amabiguity question. Well, let me see. I believe in giving considerable faith to palmistry as a revealer of disposition—not for future blessings or curses, nor for length of life. The lines are very different on different hands, and sometimes one hand gives a better idea of temperament to the man should have led you to treat him with the respect, at least, and I cannot see why you should interfere with what is most decidedly your mother's business. If she chooses to allow him the privilege of visiting at your house, why should you object? Is not all the dignity of your twenty years, simply because you "cannot bear him with his wife?" Well, Calla Lily, that you have been playing possum and got caught. Make up your mind to like him, and see if you cannot accomplish it, then when you are married you will probably find it easier to reconcile other objections do not go for much. Write again by all means.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
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BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wil," &c.

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CHAPTER VI.

"A VOICE FROM THE SEA."

When Standish finished, Egerton did not speak for a moment or two. He stared at his companion in an odd, bewildered way, and crumbled the bread which lay beside him, as if unconscious of what he was about.

"I wonder what this fellow can have to tell" he exclaimed at last. "I suppose he is some pal of the suspected Spaniard turning King's evidence." Egerton poured out a glass of wine and drank it off as soon as he had spoken. "I should like to hear what he has to say, and judge for myself. I shall run down to Eastport to-morrow."

"So shall I," returned Standish. "There's a train at eight-thirty. It will land us at Eastport by eleven to-morrow morning. I'll telegraph to Briggs to have the man at his office to meet us."

"If you cannot get away easily, I will do the best I can and report to you," said Egerton, glancing sharply at him and dropping his eyes again.

"I think I can manage it. I shall look in at Lady R——'s to-night and say a word to my chief. I shall see Sydney, too, a man who sometimes takes my work, Lord R——'s greatly interested in this business, and there is nothing very special going on. I can be very well spared.

"If it is necessary, then, for both to go——"

"I think it decidedly necessary," interrupted Standish. "In Callander's absence I am the nearest friend to the murdered woman." Egerton did not reply for some minutes, during which Standish called for and filled in a telegram form. "Send it at once. It will be delivered at cock-crow to-morrow if it be too late to-night. Now, Egerton, I must write a few letters and excuse myself to Dorothy Wynn, with whom I promised to walk to-morrow. The poor little soul is fretting her life out. I shall not give her the least clue to the real reason why I am obliged to leave town to-morrow. I must say I am desperately anxious to ascertain what this man's revelations may lead up to. I wonder what has become of Dillon. I wish we had had slip him at the new ones." "He was in town a day or two ago. He called at my rooms, but I had not come to town. Bauer, my man, was there (I sent him on first, to have things ready), so he paid him a visit, and seems to have inspected the premises, for Bauer was much displeased; he said he had no business to pry and ask questions about a gentleman like me. But I told him it was only the force of habit."

"I think I will send a line to his address. I should like him to be with us to-morrow. He is an amazingly shrewd fellow, but I have an unpleasant feeling that an opposite party, if there were an opposite party, could easily induce him to see what they wished, by the application of a golden salve to the palm of his hand."

"You think so?" asked Egerton, gravely.

"Yes; I may do him injustice, but that is my impression."

Egerton thought for an instant and then said: "I will leave you to your letters, Standish. I want to write some myself before I go to bed. We'll meet, then, at the Waterloo to-morrow morning. But should anything occur to prevent you, I shall go on alone."

"Oh! I'll be there."

"By the way," resumed Egerton, "as I have Dillon's address, why should I not look him up? I can explain matters and arrange for him to accompany us."

"You might try," said Standish, "but I fancy it is not easy to find him in, nor do I think he likes following the trail in company."

Egerton took the card and put it in his notebook, then nodding good-night to his host, went away with a rapid step.

"I am sorry to disappoint Dorothy," thought Standish, as he placed paper and ink before him on the library table. "Life would be very dull to me without her and Henrietta Oakeley. What an improvement a touch of real feeling has been to Henrietta—even physically. She looks uncommonly handsome sometimes," and he applied himself to his letters.

The next morning was wild and gloomy, with bursts of wind and lashes of sudden rain. Egerton did not fail to join Standish at the Waterloo, and they accomplished the journey almost in silence, after the latter had informed him that he had failed to find Dillon. The porter at the hotel informed him that Dillon had been there that morning, and would probably call the next day, if his coming and going were extremely uncertain. Egerton had therefore left a note for him.

When they reached Eastport the well-known common was half hidden by thick sheets of rain sweeping before a wild south easter, while the heavy, leaden colored, threatening waves thundered along the beach.

Neither uttered the thoughts which the sight of the familiar place conjured up in both. Once a sigh so deep as to be almost a moan broke from Egerton, and he said in a hoarse tone, "What an ending to it all!"

After a short halt at the hotel they drove to the office of the lawyer who had been instructed to act for Colonel Callander, should his offer of a reward produce any result.

Mr. Briggs was a short, dumpy man, with whiskers meeting under his chin, and a round, jovial face. He rolled somewhat in his walk—indeed, gave strangers the impression of being a "sea going solicitor."

He was a little exalted in his own esteem by being mixed up with such great people as Egerton, and by the sort of halo the whole business had cast around him. He received them cordially.

"Very glad to see you, gentlemen! The man—Tom Ritson—about whom I wrote, has not come yet, but he will be here presently. I don't think that what he has to tell is of much importance. Step into my private office."

As he threw an inner door open, a sailor of ordinary type presented himself at the entrance of the office.

"Oh, there you are, Ritson! Come along."

They all went in the private room, where Standish at once took a chair. Egerton remained standing, and the lawyer retreated to his usual fortress, the arm-chair behind his knee-hole table.

The sailor, holding his cap in both hands somewhat nervously, but with an air of some importance, kept close to the door.

"Come, Ritson," said the lawyer, "tell these gentlemen your story."

Ritson shifted from one foot to the other. "Well, sir," he began, "this was the way of it. You see, I'm an Eastport man, and I shipped aboard the Macedonia, one of the Commercial Steam Navigation Company's ships, in London Dock, in September last. We put in here for a day and a night, and I had leave to go and see some of my friends as I've out Westhaven now, but I was to be at my post at seven next morning, as we were to sail with the tide."

Egerton muttered a half inarticulate exclamation of impatience, and Briggs said, aloud: "Come, get on, my man."

"I must tell it you all, from beginning to end," he said, "or I can't do it my way."

"Give him his head," murmured Standish, in a low tone.

"So," continued Ritson, "as my aunt's husband was a jovial, hospitable chap, I thought I'd not stay there all night, for maybe I'd drink a drop too much, and oversleep myself. We sat talkin' and chattin' till past midnight. Then I says goodbye, and started to walk into Eastport. I had half a drop, but only a drop, I knew what I was about. It was dark when I set out, but by an' by the moon rose, and by the time I struck the top of the common there was plenty of light, though every now and then a big cloud would come sailing across the moon. When I got alongside a pretty bit of a house, the first you come to after crossing the sandhills from Westdene, I thought how quiet and comfortable everything looked, and thought there was a faint glimmer of light in one of the lower windows, nigh the near end of the house. While I was looking and thinking, a figure comes out of a gate at the side of the house, carrying a short ladder on his shoulder. He put it down and stood with one arm round it, through the rungs, as if thinking what he'd do next. There was something so quiet and steadfast in his way that it never struck me he could be after any mischief, though it did seem a bit queer his being there with a ladder at that hour. Just then the Eastport clocks chimed out three-quarters—I guessed it must be quarter to two, and that I had been made for the town as fast as I could. When I got a few paces off, I turned and looked back, but not a sign of the man or the ladder could I see. I got into the old Mermaid Tavern, and to bed. Next morning we sailed."

"Do you remember the date of this occurrence?" asked Briggs.

"I do, sir. It was the twenty-second of September, and the birthday of my aunt's youngest boy, so we drank an extra glass of grog to his health. I remember it the more for that. We had an uncommon rough passage across the bay, and were obliged to put into Gibraltar to refit. Then we went on to Constantinople, from that to Port Said, and back, and I was left behind in hospital. Altogether I have been over six months out of England. I came home as third officer of a small sailing ship, and it was a terrible slow tub."

"When did you land here?" asked Standish.

"Four days ago, sir. I heard of the murder, and the reward, so I came along here to tell what I had seen that night, and you can take it for what it is worth."

"What was the man like—the man you saw with the ladder?" continued Standish.

"A tall, straight kind of chap, sir, about. He passed me and gazed hard at Egerton." About this gentleman's height and build."

Egerton drew himself up to his full stature, and looked straight at the speaker with a stern, set expression, as if nerving himself to face some imminent danger.

"Look well," he said.

"Much may depend on the apparent height and size of the figure you saw."

"Yes," returned Ritson, slowly. "He was about your height, but a trifle broader it seems to me now."

"How was he dressed," asked Standish.

"In a roughish jacket—something like a seaman's jacket; but what I noticed most was that he had neither hat nor cap on. Clothes and head and all looked dark. Of course I could not see very clear—the light was shifty, and there was the garden and strip of common between me and him."

"Did he look like a seafaring man?" asked Briggs.

"Well, sir, he wasn't unlike one. You see, I didn't take time to take much, for, as I said before, I didn't strike me as he hadn't a right to be there—he moved deliberate like."

"It sounds rather corroborative of our suspicions," said Standish to Egerton. "You are certainly like that Spanish sailor in height and figure! He would not have worn his red cap on such an errand, either!" Egerton bent his head in acquiescence, but did not speak.

"I heard tell of that Spanish chap," resumed Ritson, "and I well remember passing a foreign-looking craft a couple of hours after we weighed anchor. She was on much the same tack as we were, but the breeze had failed her, and we soon showed her our heels. I read her name as we passed, Veloz."

"I'm afraid we can't get much help out of this," said Briggs, as he made a note or two on the paper before him.

"Not at present, but it may come in usefully hereafter," observed Standish. "I should like this good fellow's evidence taken down and duly sworn to, that it may be available in his absence."

"That is quite right, Mr. Standish. I'll see to it."

"Can you remember anything else that might possibly lead to the identification of this man?"

"I don't think I can, sir. I did fancy, when he was turned half towards me that there was something reddish under his jacket, or facing the jacket."

Egerton compressed his lips and made a slight movement, as if going to step towards the speaker, but checked himself and continued profoundly still.

"Ha!" cried Briggs, "I remember those vagabonds generally wore red bands or sashes under their jackets. I think this thickens the case against the Spaniard."

"Yes, it looks like it," said Standish thoughtfully. "All I hope and trust is that the poor girl never caught a glimpse of her murderer—that she never woke. God! it is too terrible to think of!" he added, with sudden deep emotion.

Egerton grasped the back of a huge high-backed chair near him, saying in a low, fierce tone: "And he still lives!" He drew out his purse and put some money in Ritson's hand.

"That's for your trouble," he added. "Standish, there's no more to learn. You will find me at the hotel," and hastily left the room.

"He's been pretty bad!" said Mr. Briggs, looking after him. "I guess he had fever. He hasn't picked up much since."

"No; the winter is against him," said Standish. After arranging with Briggs to have Ritson's deposition properly taken and attested, also that he should inform the lawyer what vessel he joined, and her destination, invited Briggs to dinner, which he was reluctantly obliged to decline, so Standish departed, glad to be free to return to town that evening.

First, he endeavored to wrap himself in his ulster, he faced the rain and storm to walk round the pretty villa, where he had spent such a tranquil, happy home. With a heavy heart he contrasted that picture and this. What weighed most upon his mind was a strong conviction that something sadder was yet to come. He feared the effects of the terrible strain on Callander's nervous system. His long, lonely wanderings would increase his natural tendency to depression. The best chance for healing his wounds was in the remedy provided by Nature, in the love and care due to his children. Standish thought with infinite compassion of the bereaved husband. He seemed to realise with extraordinary force what the loss of a sweet, beloved wife must be. It would be almost impossible to bear the shock such a trial. After all, an old bachelor's life is almost unavoidably poverty-stricken. Then he wondered vaguely what comfort had turned Callander from the friendly, hearty confidence he had always shown to his wife's guardian, to the silent estrangement of the last few months. On this puzzle he had often meditated, but had as often been obliged to give it up as inexplicable.

When he reached the hotel he found Egerton impatiently awaiting him. He was walking up and down the room, where luncheon was laid, and on the table was a carafe of brandy, more than half empty. The sight of it reminded Standish that he thought Egerton had drunk an unusual amount of wine the night before.

"We shall scarcely catch the train," said Egerton, as they sat down to a hasty meal, of which he hardly ate anything.

HE was very silent during the hour which ensued, and scarcely seemed to hear the comments Standish made on Ritson's story, his assertion that there was but one man about the premises. He only remarked abruptly, "No, I don't thought he then was more than one in it, and I fear—I feel sure he will not soon be caught."

The first part of the return journey was passed in nearly complete silence. Then Egerton, who had been looking at a Continental Bradshaw, exclaimed:

"Standish, I will go to Spain and hunt up this Pedro myself."

"Indeed! What has——"

"I have frequently thought of doing it," interrupted Egerton. "The fact is, I have not felt strong enough to undertake the journey hitherto, but I am the right man to bring him; I speak the language; and he is probably lurking in my mother's country. I knew most of the influential families in Valencia when I was but not many years ago. They will not have quite forgotten me. Yes, I think I can get off the day after to-morrow. Too much time has been lost already."

"My dear fellow," cried Standish, "do not be rash. Consult your medical adviser. Even your successes will not bring poor Mabel back to life, will not restore the charm of his existence to Callander, nor——"

"Give back the color and savor to wine," interrupted Egerton, impulsively. "I assure you, that in my present mood I see little or no charm in life. If I could bring this—There, I cannot talk about it. You do not know the extraordinary mixture of feelings which distract me. He stopped abruptly, and then went on in a forced tone: "I am not quite an Englishman, you see. I feel more acutely, none of you quite consider me an out-and-out Englishman. See how Dorothy Wynn refused me; she couldn't bear my kisses."

"The whim of a very young girl," urged Standish.

"There is wonderful ripeness and decision about Miss Wynn," he said. She is more like twenty-nine than nineteen. She disliked me with her intellect as well as her heart. However, I shall never offend in the same way. Yes, I'll go to Spain. It has no associations with the immediate past and I shall go alone."

"You shall never go with Dillon. I fancy he is free just now." Egerton made no reply, nor did Standish press the question.

They parted on Egerton's plans till they neared the Metropolis, and Standish remarked how clear and defined they were. They had evidently not been thought out on the spur of the moment. When they spoke of Callander's probable return, Standish fancied he could trace a certain reluctance on his companion's part to meet his friend.

"He shrinks from the pain of seeing him," thought Standish. "It is natural enough, especially as he is evidently weakened and depressed."

At the Waterloo they parted, each going his own way. Standish found various letters, invitations, notes awaiting him, amongst them one from Miss Oakeley.

"Do come and see us as soon as you can. We have heard that you went down to Eastport, and are dying to know the reason why. Have you found out anything?

"Imagine! Mrs. Callander is to arrive the day after to-morrow, and a letter from Miss Boothby. The poor old thing seems quite worn out, for my aunt has been very unwell, and you may imagine what that means to her attendants.

"If Mr. Egerton is with you, pray bring him. He is more interesting than ever.

"Yours truly,

"HENRIETTA OAKELEY."

"I hope to Heaven Miss Oakeley has not communicated her knowledge or suspicions to Dorothy," said Standish to himself, when he finished this epistle. "I do not want her to be disturbed with any fresh information, she is in a little state of nervous depression as it is. I wish Henrietta Oakeley would take her and the children abroad, to some place quite unconnected with the past. I must talk to her about this.

Looking at his watch he found it would not be too late to present himself after dinner.

He felt somewhat uneasy until he had seen Dorothy, and was certain the first glance at her face would tell him how much she knew.

"The lady had left the drawing-room and were in the drawing-room," Collins informed the late, but welcome, visitor when he opened the door.

Miss Oakeley was at the piano when Standish was shown in, and Dorothy sitting on a low chair by the fire; the dancing light played upon the red golden brown of her hair, the pale oval of her delicate pensive face; she was more dressed than he had yet seen her, that is, her black dress was opened in a long V, an inner edging of white crape almost filling up the space, her elbow sleeves showed her slight white arms. Standish was almost frightened to see how fragile, how fairy-like she looked, she ought now to be looking more like her own bright self. The recuperative powers of youth ought to assert themselves by this time.

At the first syllable of his name, she started up and ran to meet him.

"How good of you to come at once, Paul! I knew you would."

"Mr. Standish! This is delightful! I am dying to hear what took you away to that wretched place," cried Miss Oakeley, coming over to shake hands with him.

"Yes, Paul, tell us everything," echoed Dorothy, "but first of all what news of Mabel? I had quite a nice letter from the colonel. He will be home in a week or two."

"Ha! that is good, indeed! Now I have a little, a very little to tell you. It leads, well really to nothing, and it is painful—do you still wish to hear it?"

"I do!" said Dorothy in a stifled voice.

"Yes, of course we do," cried Henrietta, drawing a low easy chair by the fire. Dorothy nestled into the corner of a sofa which was partially in shadow; while Standish placed himself on an ottoman at Miss Oakeley's left.

He described the meeting with Ritson and gave a brief outline of his communication. He could not well make out what effect the narrative had upon Dorothy, as her face was almost hidden from him, but when he came to that part of the story where Ritson said the man he had seen with the ladder was about the same height and size as Egerton, she uttered an inarticulate exclamation and leant forward as if startled.

"How extraordinary!" cried Henrietta Oakeley. "I call this very important; it proves to me, that the deed must have been done by that dreadful horrid sailor. He certainly was very like Mr. Egerton. It seems such a shame, he looks very ill and worn, he looks, poor fellow! I feel quite sorry to see him. Do you know, I feel so convinced it was one of those blood thirsty monsters who committed the murder, that I have told Collins to take that wretched parrot and sell it for what he likes. Don't you remember, Dorothy, how I exclaimed at the strange likeness to Mr. Egerton? Dorothy, what is the matter, Dorothy! Oh, Mr. Standish, what——"

But Standish was already beside her. Her head had fallen back among the cushions, her hands, cold and deathlike, lay helplessly at her side.

"She is gone! She has fainted!" cried Standish, in despairing tones. "For God's sake, call Nurse! I don't know what to do for her!" and he began to chafe her hand gently.

Henrietta rushed first to the bell, which she rang furiously, and then to the door, where she called loudly for every servant in the house, till the room was half full.

"Just stand back every one of you, and leave the room this minute," cried Mrs. M'Hugh, authoritatively, "all she wants is air—and quiet."

(To be continued.)

Many are Called.

Oh, I'm engaged to Pete and John,
And Abner, James and Earl,
And Henry, William, George and Don,
For I'm a summer girl. —*Harpers' Bazar.*

Swimming and Boating for Boys.

"I never would allow my boy to learn to swim," said the mother of one of my son's, "and I never could bear to have him in a boat. Skating I always detested, and ball-playing I consider vulgar. He had a horse for riding, and he was always allowed to walk as much as he chose." (!)

Her hearers understood why it was that her son had grown up to be a narrow-chested and delicate man, and were thankful that he was permitted to go out doors at all in his boyhood.

Fortunately this young man had possessed a strong love for walking, and also for study, which had kept him from inanition, and also out of mischief. But for an active, full-blooded boy and healthy young man, such a stringing up as has been described would have meant either ruin or death.

There is no need to descant upon the manifold attractions and uses of swimming. All proper precautions for his safety should be taken, but your boy should learn to swim. Never let him go into the water unless he is well; neither let him go alone or with flighty boys only, even when he has mastered the art of natation—cramps and accidents of all sorts are too common for that. Keep him away from rapids and whirlpools, and impress upon him at every opportunity, by anecdote, precept, and example, the importance of exercising prudence in the matter. Especially see that he is familiar with remedies for cramp, and with the treatment of reviving a drowned person. A valuable life has been lost because a boy's companions did not understand how to use proper restoratives when his body was first recovered from the water.

Teach your boy the importance of staying in the water but a few moments at a time, and of taking rest in the intervals between baths. It is better to go in several times each day, staying only ten or fifteen minutes each time, than to go in once for an hour, or even for two, or two hours together, and live through it without apparent harm, but it is at a deadly risk. Twenty minutes in fresh water and half an hour in salt water are safe limits.

When your boy knows how to swim in deep water, and not until then, allow him to go out alone in a boat. Let him commence with the simple rules for rowing, paddling, and sculling, by all means have him learn the management of a sail boat, under competent and experienced skipper, unless his father or some near relative is able and willing to instruct him.

A five o'clock one morning on a well-known beach, a heedless and undisciplined youth, who had been allowed to have a yacht before he could swim a stroke, overturned his craft, and instead of clinging to it as all boys should be taught to do when overturned, he drifted about in the water, sinking twice before aid could reach him. The people in the twenty or thirty cottages which were clustered thickly upon this beach were aroused from their sleep, and looking from their windows, most of them could see the boy in the water, and the heedless fellow, whose lavish spending and loud boasts had made him a conspicuous figure among them, and their knowledge of his stupidity naturally made them fearful that he would be drowned before aid could reach him. Although he did not appear to be more than a few feet or lengths from the shore, it seemed a lifetime to the compassionate lookers-on before a lobster-man, who by chance was near at hand on the rocks, could push his boat off and reach the hapless young fellow. Many of those who witnessed the thrilling spectacle of his rescue when he had risen for the last time were unable to recover from the strain for weeks. All of them were taught one impressive lesson. It was never to allow anyone under their control to be in a boat who had not learned to swim. In the outdoor sports of old England lies one secret of the sturdy strength, the wholesome manliness, and the sound digestion of that nation. Introspection, morbid self-brooding, even established disease flee away before "the rigors" of good open-air exercise; and nothing in this line is more salutary and delightful than swimming and its twin brother boating. Don't be "mean" to the boys; let them learn both.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Spelling a Natural Gift.

Don't despise the man who spells words without the silent letters. Many distinguished and well educated people cannot spell correctly. A young lady instructor of music once heard to say, "I really never dare correct a student's misspelling till I have looked in the dictionary."

"Just as I," answered a clever woman, quickly, "would dare to order for salt 'two dice.' The lady was under the impression that the word should be spelled "feable." A fish dealer talks of "lobsters in order for salt" "mackerel" from a college professor. A bill made out by one of the leading pedagogues of a neighboring city concluded with "balance due." Those who know well tell that the sons of a distinguished clergyman sent up for printing, frequently abound in errors of this kind. Cobbler's bills, and notes of hand, are instances of bad spelling and ungrammatical language in kings' speeches. The father of his country had his own peculiarities, and his wife spelled it another and very different one. A brilliant actress, whom we all admire, invariably spells Tuesday Teusday. Napoleon was not a correct speller, and the Iron Duke not often. Such misfortune is often an inherited one, and whole families, even unto their remotest branches tell tales of the same sad weakness.

"What!" says Major Pendennis, "would you marry a woman who spelt affection with one f? Why, I'm not a woman as well as a man! If correct spelling were necessary in the marriage state she might ask how many of our presidents would be doomed to celibacy! General Taylor and Andrew Jackson could scarcely have read their title clear to husbandhood.

A Reason for the Brunette.

The dark colors of the Southern beauty are explained by savants as the carbon dioxide thrown off by the lungs, says the Philadelphia *Press*. These are less active in hot climates, and the respiration function is less complete. The pulmonary action is replaced by cutaneous transpiration, and the carbon, instead of being thrown off with the expired air, is deposited in a layer of black, which, in greater or less degree, gives it shading. The chyle of herbivorous animals is said to contain three times as much iron as that of flesh-eating ones, and the vegetable diet which chiefly supports life in the tropics is now supposed cause of the deep pigmentation ruling there. The difference in complexion and coloring of various races is probably due to certain principles in their food which introduced into the body, combining with atmospheric air, produces divers colorings, just as light is known to decompose certain vegetable products, and darken some salts. The peculiar tints of the Indies and the Antilles are said to be due to the saffron, roucou, cayenne, and other savories used in food, which are spices as well, and partly to the bilious maladies prevalent there. The opaque corneas of the eye is yellowish in tropic races and tinged the color of wax, showing its affinity to the bile. The color of eyes and hair follows that of the skin naturally, the same being the great colorist in these cases. Eyes grow darker with healthy exercise, as well as more brilliant. The most beautiful races are always to be found in the finest climates. The Circassian, live on the table-lands of the Caucasus, a climate southern as Rome or Constantinople, but refreshed by the snows of the Caucasus and the vicinity of the Caspian and Black seas. They formerly conserved their beauty for a great age. Two thousand years ago the climate of Greece was as perfect as the beauty it gave the world for models. To-day in some of the highlands of Greece the old charm of climate remains, and the antique beauty of face and form looks forth and makes natural the old Greek salutation, "Rejoice." The favored climates of the world are always the homes of its chief beauty. But one can modify ordinary climates to a far greater degree than is supposed, and in our own houses, at least, maintain the tempered warmth or coolness, the living freshness of air, the moisture and fragrance of growing plants, and the light and shade which render our cosy milder Floridas and Californias. We shall yet learn the secret of making our own dwellings fit climates for invalids, who need not be driven to die in strange regions, for the sake of pure air. Then there will be fewer invalids and more beautiful women.

A Chinese Marchioness.

The late Mandarin Tcheng, a Chinese *fin de siecle*, who had shaken off all antiquated prejudices, and endeavored to unite the east and the west. Like our Westerns, he did a little pulling, received the reporters and gave his likenesses to the illustrated papers. He was a consummate Parisian, attended first performances at the theatres, and drove in the Bois in a splendid turn-out. With exquisite taste he gave parties, at which Chinese diplomatists rubbed values with the Parisiennes. But he reached the climax of popularity when, breaking with the ancient traditions of Celestial etiquette, he exhibited his wife in public.

On such occasions the mandarin usually sat near the window in one of her drawing-rooms, adorned with the hierarchical trappings of an idol, attired in the robe in which the imperial dragon was worked in heavy embroidery. Her eyes were half closed, she answered the compliments of her guests by a slight motion of her fingers, the lady-in-waiting of the diplomatic corps sat by her, and no sight could be more charming than the contrast of their fresh and airy habilitments to the almost priestly robes of this exotic ambassadress. One evening the Papal Nuncio came to pay his respects to the marchioness. She was surprised at his going away again, and asked one of her neighbors in English:

"Why doesn't the old lady come and sit beside me like the rest?

Possibly Mud.

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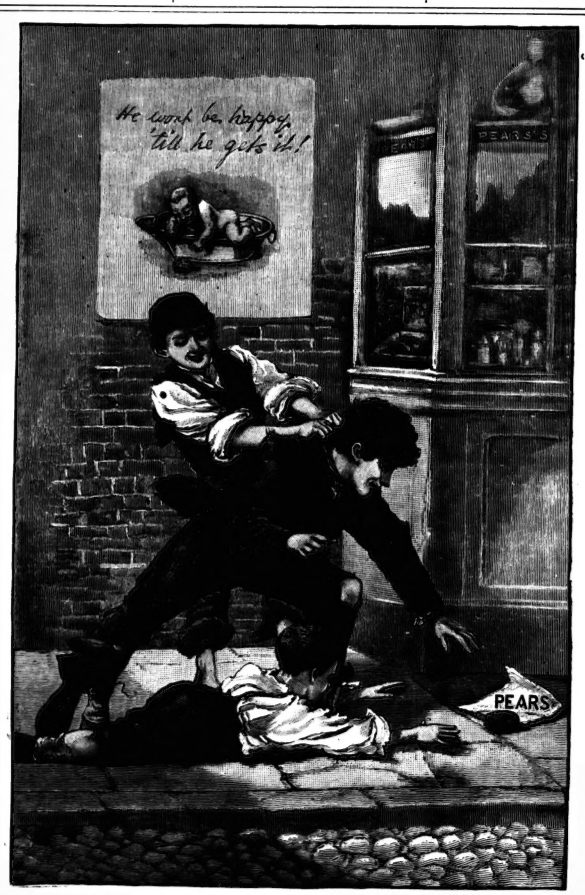

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(Continued from Page Two.)

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The Misses Quinn of Sussex avenue are spending the summer on the St. Clair river.

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A pleasing incident took place at the rooms of the Rosedale Cricket Club, on the lacrosse grounds, Monday evening last, when a deservedly popular member of the club, Mr. Geo. Seymour Lyon, was presented with a beautifully designed cup by the secretary, Mr. H. F. Petman, on behalf of the members in recognition of his excellent batting in the late international cricket match at Philadelphia. A large number were present and a very enjoyable time was spent.

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A wedding ceremony of considerable note took place at St. John's church, Port Hope, on Wednesday. The event was the marriage of Mr. Joseph Featherstonhaugh of Toronto, and Miss Alice May Guernsey, second daughter of Major Guernsey of Englishtown, late of Her Majesty's 45th Regiment, Sherwood Foresters. The church was crowded at the early hour of 6.30 a.m. The rector of St. John's, Rev. E. Daniel, performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Miss Sophie Guernsey, her sister, and Miss Minnie Featherstonhaugh, sister of the groom, while the groom was supported by Messrs. P. D. Eynecourt of Toronto and F. W. Guernsey of St. Marys, brother of the bride. The bride was married in her traveling costume of electric blue henrietta cloth trimmed with plush of the same color and buttercup cord, with hat to match. The first bridesmaid's costume was of blue figured china silk; the second bridesmaid's being made of cream cashmere trimmed with pale buttercup. The happy couple left by the Norseman at noon for Rochester.

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The following Torontonians registered at the Penetanguishene this week: Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Mr. A. M. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mrs. and Miss Cumberland, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mr. John A. Torrance, Mrs. and Miss T. Torrance, Major H. A. and Mrs. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Wilson, Mr. G. J. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. John McArthur and family, Mr. Frederick Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton and family, Mr. W. A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ford and family.

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The following guests are at Peninsular Park on Lake Simcoe: Mr. G. A. Chapman and family, Mr. R. V. Corragan, Capt. Percy Beall, Miss Annie Hulty, Mr. Alfred Chapman and family, Mr. W. L. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilson, Mr. A. H. Cassels, Mr. G. Ince, Mr. E. W. Trent, Mr. John Bain, Q.C., and family, Mr. H. Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Gorrie and family, Miss Willcock, Mr. D. Campbell, Mr. Fred Phillips, Mr. James Crawford of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. E. H. Webster of Buffalo, Mr. W. H. Phillips of St. Catharines, and Mr. Notman Benjamin of Elmira, N. Y.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

One of the most delightful concerts of the season was held at the Chautauqua amphitheater last Saturday evening. The principal performers were: Mr. Anderson, a very talented young violinist, whose playing was thoroughly enjoyed and a genuine treat to all lovers of music present and who was most warmly encored, giving in response the sweet old favorite air, The Last Rose of Summer; Mr. Ramsay, the inimitable; Mrs. Murray-Dickson and Miss McGillivray, all of whom richly deserved the very hearty applause with which they were received. Miss McGillivray, who looked very bewitching in a most becoming dress of cherry-colored gauze over satin of the same shade, with a dainty little pair of French slippers to match, chose as her recitations, Gentleman Dick of the Grays, and The Minuet. The Minuet was especially well received, Miss McGillivray's graceful movements in the old-fashioned dance entirely captivating the hearts of the delighted audience. The choir and orchestra also gave some very beautiful selections, but the crowning treat of the evening undoubtedly was the comic song by Mr. Ramsay, and a duet entitled The Coquette by Mrs. Murray-Dickson and Mr. Ramsay, which called forth a perfect uproar of applause, to which they responded by singing that very amusing duet, called The Lesson. There were at least four or five hundred present, among whom I noticed Mrs. H. Hewgill, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mrs. J. C. Garratt, Mrs. J. Russell, Miss Gale, Miss Madaline Gale, Mr. Warren, Mr. Ferrers Kaywett, Mr. F. Geddes, Miss Rosamond Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Miss Connie Beardmore, Mr. A. Howe, Dr. H. L. Anderson, Mrs. H. Poffard, Miss A. Poffard, Miss Edith Russell, Mr. Downey, Mr. H. A. Macrae, T. Thompson, Miss Alma, Miss Campbell, Miss Evans, Mr. Arthur Small.

No hop, held so far this season, has been so well attended, or proved so enjoyable as that of last Saturday. The dresses were remarkably pretty, and to the inexpressible relief of many present, the young Torontonian who has so frequently appeared in a nondescript costume of no particular color or style, arrived in a dress suit, greatly to the improvement of his personal appearance and equally to the satisfaction of his partners and those to whom his other varied suits were an unfailing subject of remark. Among the large number present were Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, the Misses Colquhoun, Miss C. Arnold, Miss Bertha Pafford, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Griffith of Fort Erie, Miss Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mrs. and Miss Elliott, Miss Hayes, Miss Burnett, Mr. Frank Brown of Buffalo, Miss McKeane of Hamilton, Capt. Milloy, Miss Milloy, Miss Cameron, Mr. C. Milloy, Miss Strathy, Miss B. Strathy, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. Howe, Mr. Ferrers Kaywett, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Mossum Boyd, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. McMann, Mr. Downey, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Leeds, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall. Among the noticeably pretty dresses were: Miss Strathy's blue china silk with sash of salmon pink, Miss B. Strathy's black net with ribbons of pink and pale green, Miss Griffith's, one of the handsomest in the room, yellow china silk, Miss Burnett's white gauze, Miss Arnold's cream china silk, Mrs. Melfort Boulton's black net with crimson ribbons, Miss Hayes' crimson and white.

Rev. Septimus Jones, rector of the church of the Redeemer, Toronto, preached at both morning and evening service in St. Mark's church last Sunday in the absence of the assistant, Rev. J. C. Garratt. During the service in the morning quite a little excitement was caused by the fainting of one of the choir, Miss Avarina Evans, who was overcome by the intense heat.

Miss Katie Griffith is in town, the guest of Mrs. Kerr.

Rev. Arthur Baldwin, rector of All Saints', Toronto, was visiting his brother during the week at Dalaire Lodge.

Miss Maggie Wood of St. Catharines has been spending a few weeks with Miss Beaven at her pretty little vine covered cottage near St. Mark's church.

Mrs. Anson Campbell returned to her home in Montreal last Saturday after a stay of three weeks in the old town.

Mr. and Mrs. Pedro Alma of Toronto have arrived for a visit of a few weeks and are stopping at Doyle's Hotel.

Judge Morson spent a few hours in town last Saturday.

A little one whose sweet childish beauty entitled her to a conspicuous place in the list of pretty children given in last week's issue, is Gladys, the dark-eyed, beautiful little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McNair of Cheraw, North Carolina, who are spending the summer in town. Unless the years alter strangely the sweet, thoughtful little face, with its large dark eyes and soft curves, she will assuredly shine some day among the reigning beauties of her time.

Mr. Arthur Pafford, who had been spending his holidays in town, returned to Toronto last Monday.

Mrs. McPike, who has been the guest of Mrs. John Lewis during the past month or two, returned to her home in St. Louis last week, greatly to the regret of the many friends she has made during her visit here.

The death of Rev. Father Shanahan, for some years priest of St. Paul's church, robbed the church of one of her most earnest and zealous workers. The news of his death has caused the most sincere and deep grief among his many friends here, not only among those of his own flock, but among many of other denominations, by whom he was held in very high esteem.

Miss M. Hewgill, who has for some time been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fabian, in Toronto, returned home last week. Her numerous friends extend to her a very warm welcome after her lengthy absence from them.

Mrs. Fred Greydon of Deloraine, Man., spent a few days in town this week, the guest of Miss Ada Blake.

As announced by the Ven. Archdeacon McMurray from the pulpit of St. Mark's, the eloquent Professor Clarke of Toronto will preach at morning and evening services in that church to-morrow. GALATEA.

OTTAWA.

The "summer resort" season is now in full blast and all who can manage it have hied themselves to where the cooling breezes blow. Around Ottawa there are any number of pleasant rural resorts, at present populated by the families of town residents. Britannia-by-the-Lake, a charming retreat within fifteen minutes of the city, takes the lead. Then there are Aylmer, Caledonia Springs, Jones' Falls, Chabot's Island, Eastman's Springs, and camping grounds without number.

For those who are forced to respire and perspire in the capital, the weekly open air concerts of the Guards' band on Parliament Hill is a delightful relaxation. On such nights the spacious paths, the close-shaven lawns and breezy terrace are thronged with promenaders enjoying alike the evening's coolness and the strains of some dreamy valse. The grounds also afford the owners of private carriages an opportunity of driving about during the intervals of the programme and of taking up advantageous positions to listen to the music. The scene is both picturesque and animated, and on a moonlight night presents a *coup d'œil*, not to be rivaled in any Canadian city. So far the concerts have been maintained at the expense of the officers and a few private citizens, but I perceive the city council has made the band a grant of $200.

Mr. William Howe gave a delightful At Home at Britannia a few evenings since at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the city were present. Some three hundred guests attended and enjoyed themselves hugely. Adjoining the host's residence was erected a platform on a level with the spacious veranda surrounding the house and this was beautifully decorated with evergreens and Chinese lanterns. Here dancing took place, the music being furnished by the Guards' string band. Among the guests were about fifty ladies and gentlemen from Aylmer who came over in a yacht and the crew of Her Majesty's ship M. A. C., in full naval uniform, were also visible, looking very seamanlike. Refreshments were supplied *ad lib.* and during the evening a magnificent pyrotechnic display took place. The affair on the whole was most unique and will be reckoned as the entertainment par excellence of the season.

Mr. W. J. Topley returned home on Monday evening after a pleasant trip to Pittsburg, whither Mrs. Topley accompanied him. They were three weeks in the Smoky City, guests of the Hunters' Club, to which Mr. Topley belongs. This club consists of ten members and takes its name each year from the member who killed the first head of large game the season preceding. The club this year will hunt in the Muskoka district. Mrs. Topley did not return to Ottawa, but is visiting friends in Toronto.

At a special meeting of the Ministering Children's League, at which were present Mrs. Walker Powell, Mrs. George Taylor, Mrs. Clemow, Mrs. Cowper Cox, Miss Bishop, Miss Russell, Dr. Wickstead, Mr. W. A. Allan and others, a resolution was adopted committing the League to the scheme of raising $3,000 by a mortgage, for the purpose of building a wing to the present Convalescent Home, to be used as a Children's Hospital.

A new departure in weddings took place on Tuesday evening at a camping ground a few miles from the city. The parties chiefly interested were Mr. D. Hunter and Miss Minnie Browne, residents of Ottawa and the children of well known merchants. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Bayne under a special tent pitched for the occasion. Miss Daisy Browne acted as bridesmaid and Mr. J. King as best man. A number of guests were present, and the affair passed off as smoothly as if in a stately cathedral instead of the wild woods of Woodruff.

Among the departures for cooler climes this week are Miss Powell for Aylmer, Miss Merrich for Kingston, Miss Meager for Hamilton, Miss L. Wilson for Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Skinner for Little Metis, Mr. John Hodgins for the seaside, Miss Florence Friedrichs for Nova Scotia, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Muriel Allan for a short tour in the States, Mrs. F. Wright and family of Sussex street for Britannia, Miss A. McDonald for Old Orchard, Miss Maybee for Gananoque and the West, Rev. Joseph White for Newfoundland, Mr. John Carling, Jr., for England, Mr. E. Seybold for the Saguenay, and Mr. George Orme for Scotland.

The following have returned to the city: Hon. John Costigan from New Brunswick, Mr. C. H. Macintosh, M.P., from Riviere du Loup, Mr. Burn, cashier of the Ottawa Bank, from Portland; Rev. Dr. Armstrong of St. Paul's church, from a holiday trip; Mr. Archie Stewart from England; Messrs. D. Blyth, H. Neeve, J. G. Buchanan, W. Russell, and T. A. Russell from Old Orchard Beach, Dr. John Robertson also from Old Orchard, Dr. Thorburn from Lake Muskoka, and Mr. J. Justice Patterson and family from the lakes and Montreal.

Miss Bertha Wright, the famous lady evangelist, left this week for Northfield, Mass. where she will attend a convention called by Mr. Moody.

Col. Freeman I. Daniels, Staff Lieut-General of the Patriarchs Militant I.O.O.F., has gone to Chicago to attend the triennial cantonment.

Col. George Ince of the ordnance department has departed on a tour of the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. Alder D. Bliss left on Tuesday to rusticate for a few weeks at Blanche, on Butter's Lake.

Mr. Peter Buchanan of the Indian department, who has been absent over twelve months on sick leave, has returned much improved in health and intends soon to resume duty.

Mr. Joseph Walton of Middlesbro'-on-Tees and Mr. Henry Fawcus of Newcastle-on-Tyne made a brief stay in the city this week while on their way to the Rocky Mountains on a shooting expedition.

Mrs. G. K. Shoenburger of Cincinnati is visiting her brother-in-law, Hon. Wm. McDougall.

Mrs. J. H. Pocock, St. Louis, is in town on a visit and staying at Mrs. Cope's, Maria street.

Miss Doyle of Hawkesbury is visiting her relatives at the Capital.

Miss Lizzie Reed and Miss Hattie Reed of Hamilton are in the city, the guests of Miss Celia Bradley of O'Connor street.

Miss Alma Jessup of Rideau street is spending a few days at Prescott, with her uncle Mr. Edward Jessup, collector of customs there.

Rev. Mr. Hannington and family are spending their vacation at Green's Creek.

Mr. Lawson Wills has returned to the city after a seven months' stay in England where he has been booming the Buckingham phosphate mines.

Mr. Tennent, librarian of the Supreme Court, has purchased a small farm near Templeton and will devote all his spare time to raising high-priced vegetables.

Mr. Chamberlain, general manager of the Canada Atlantic Railway Company, is indisposed.

BARRIE.

An exceedingly pleasant At Home was given by Lieut.-Colonel O'Brien and the officers of the 35th Battalion (Simcoe Foresters) on Wednesday, July 30, at The Woods, Shanty Bay, the residence of Colonel O'Brien. A large number of invitations were sent out, and a great many availed themselves of the pleasure of attending. The weather was not quite what one could have wished, being showery during the day, consequently the grounds were rather damp for promenading. Also a number from a distance were prevented from coming owing to the inclemency of the weather. Notwithstanding this it was considered a delightful event. The band of the 35th Battalion played several selections in their usual excellent style. Another musical treat was enjoyed in the drawing-room by those who preferred spending the time indoors instead of on the lawn. A few good games of tennis were played during the afternoon. Among those present I noticed Senator and Mrs. Gowan, Mr. and Mrs. John Strathy, Major and Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Grasett of Toronto, Rev. F. J. and Mrs. White, Mr. Jude Ardagh, Captain and Mrs. Bird, Lieut. and Miss Kortright, Miss Major, Major and Mrs. Ward, Dr. Raikes of Midland, Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Bird, Miss Birdie Mason, the Misses Michie of Toronto, Captain O'Brien, Mr. Henry O'Brien of Toronto, Dr. Ardagh of Orillia, Mrs. W. King of Montreal, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cotter, Mrs. Clifford Thomson, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Captain Morgan, Major and Mrs. Smith, Lieut. Ward, Mrs. Hanbidge of Ogdensburg, the Misses Baker, Mr. Radenhurst, Miss Morris of Perth, Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. George Raikes, Miss Day of England, Miss Edith Ardagh, Miss J. Thomson of Toronto, Mr. H. Ardagh, Mr. H. Raikes, Mr. George Esten, Miss Schrieber, Mr. A. Petersen, Miss Wilson, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. Bennett of Midland, Mr. Arthur Ardagh, Major and Mrs. Burnett of Orillia, Captain McPhee, Lieut. Gray of Coldwater and others.

The tennis tournament between Barrie and Orillia came off on Friday afternoon, August 1. About thirty members of the Barrie club went by the steam yacht Sea Flower and had a most

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

AFTERNOON } SEPTEMBER 17
EVENING }
AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 18

Three Grand Concerts by the Famous

STRAUSS ORCHESTRA

Subscription lists now open at Messrs. Nordheimer and Suckling & Sons. Reserved seats, evening, $2 and $3; afternoon, $2 and $1.50. PERCIVAL T. GREENE, Manager Toronto Concerts.

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A Large Quantity of Goods Damaged

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As these goods must be cleared out at once we have marked them down to nominal figures.

COME EARLY

We have engaged an extra staff of hands for this sale to give prompt attention to customers.

Extra arrangements made for delivery of parcels. All parcels will be delivered day after purchase.

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Where Roads Meet—a story	By E. E. Sheppard
With Victor Hugo	By Louis Frechette
Only a Younger Son	By Seranus
Story of a Skull	By Alex. F. Pirie
Tangles	By Frances Burton Clare
A Sermonette on Guests	By Louise Markscheffel
The Funny Man's Garden	By P. McArthur
Why Smith Never Married	By D. A. McKellar
On a Summer Shore	By William Wilfred Campbell
Indian Summer	By Charles G. D. Roberts
Prairie Sonnets	By Nicholas Flood Davin
Cathedral Peak	By E. W. Sandys
The Idlers	By E. Pauline Johnson
Last Winter; This Summer	By Wm. McLennan
A Legend of the Mackinac	By Grace E. Denison
Crows	By Sophia M. Almon
Berrypicking Time	By Samuel Hunter

And other selections complete the contents of this finest holiday paper issued in Canada.

NOTICE

ADVANCE IN PRICE OF STERLING SILVER

1,500 Boys' 2-piece suits selling at $2.75 during August

Owing to the series of advances in price on the American market we are compelled to make a corresponding advance on Sterling Silver Flatware, and until further notice we will sell both plain and fancy patterns at $1.95 per oz.

REDUCTION IN PRICE

To offset the above advance. We have decided to give a discount on all kinds of Friendship Rings of 25 per cent. for the month of August only.

Brown's Jewelry Store

110 YONGE STREET

The Model Clothing Store

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CARD

Having on hand a large and varied stock of Imported Coats and Vests for Summer wear, and desirous of clearing them out I am offering them at greatly reduced prices. Also a special discount of ten per cent. on all custom work in the next thirty days.

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FOR SALE—STREET COSTUME

Cream Henrietta and Silk; never worn; half price; Murray's. On view at 98 Edward Street.

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Waist Linings and Dresses Cut. Corsets Made to Order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

delightful trip, as the weather was charming. A few event by train, then both parties met in Orillia and had an exceedingly pleasant time, and it will be ages indeed before the members of this club can forget the kindness and hospitality of their friends in Orillia, who were indefatigable in their efforts to make the few hours enjoyable that were allotted to the visiting club to be spent in their town. Instead of going into details I will just give the result of the match, viz.: Barrie was victor in seventeen setts to two gained by Orillia. The last game and the remaining singles will be played off on the day of the return match. Those from Barrie who took part in the tournament were Miss Kortright, Miss Spry, Miss Stewart, Miss N. Baker, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. C. Stewart, Mr. H. Ardagh, Mr. D. Stewart.

Mrs. W. King of Montreal and child are spending a few weeks in town. Her old friends are pleased to see her again.

Mrs. L. Beatty left this week to visit friends in Cobourg.

Miss Miller and Mr. E. Ager of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. D. Holmes.

Mr. G. Morgan of Toronto is spending a few weeks with a camping party at Big Bay Point.

OCULARE.

BELLEVILLE.

Mr. Robert and Miss Mathison have returned from their trip to the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neilson of Kansas City are visiting Mrs. Neilson of John street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Northrop and Mrs. George are at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Belfield Grannum of the Bank of Commerce has resigned his position and intends leaving for Edinburgh, Scotland, this month.

Mr. Ferris of the Bank of Commerce has gone on a relieving trip to Stratford.

Rev. S. Daw, rector of Christ Church, Mr. J. H. Simpson and sons intend leaving next week for a canoeing trip on the lakes in North Hastings.

Mr. W. Douglas has returned from his holiday trip to Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Imrie Ashcroft, *nee* McGann, of Cote St. Antoine, Montreal, are visiting relatives here.

Mr. J. Lyons Biggar and family are at the Sandbanks, Prince Edward County.

Miss May Biggar is the guest of Mrs. John Bell at Wellington, Prince Edward County.

Miss Mae Smith and Miss Welding of Brantford are the guests of Mrs. R. Mathison.

Miss Hattie Willson, daughter of Dr. B. S. Willson, is at the Island, Toronto, with Mrs. Sankey.

Got to Have Some Sporting News.

"How about that prize fight out in the suburbs!" inquired the managing editor.

"Didn't come off. Police stopped it," answered the night editor.

"Any baseball games played here this afternoon?"

"None of any consequence. It rained."

"Wasn't there any racing to-day?"

"None. Postponed on account of the weather."

"Any baseball, racing, or prize ring news by telegraph?"

"Hardly any."

"Then take that war news from Central America out of the Brevities by Wire corner, put a scare head on it, and run it at the head of the sporting column. Great Gallagher! We've got to have something in that department!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Greased it Once

I had been looking over the battle fields around Marietta, Ga., and was five miles from the town when a cracker came along with an ox and a cart and offered me a lift. After riding some distance, I realized that both wheels were sadly in need of grease, and I asked him why he didn't lubricate.

"What fur?" he asked.

"To make the cart draw more easily."

"Sho! This yere ox doan' mind. He 'un doan' know."

"But it would stop the squeaking."

"Yes. I reckon, but the squeakin' doan' hurt."

"It would save your wheels," I finally said.

"Sho! This old cawt ain't wuth savin'."

"Didn't you ever grease it?" I persisted.

"Once. A Yankee rode to town with me and bought me a box of stuff."

"How did it work?"

"Mighty slick, but we dun spread it on hoe cake, and ate it all up in a week."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Sweet Thing on Ice.

A popular coat of arms among the *nouveaux riche* this season is a chunk of ice, ice-pick and motto: Help Yourself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Working Manager Was Beyond Him.

When the railroad was built through Bulgaria, about twenty years ago, the whole business of constructing and running it was in the hands of the English. The contractor's habit of looking after everything personally greatly puzzled the Turks. They could not make out who were in authority. At one time, when a construction train was to be run from a country station down to Verna, a local pasha came up to the man who was dispatching the train and asked for a passage. The favor was granted. Then the official wanted the train to wait until his baggage arrived. After a delay of an hour or so, a string of fifty bullock carts appeared with "baggage." The Turk was promptly informed that the train could not take such a load, and would not take any part of it. The man in charge ordered the train to start. The pasha was left behind, indignantly threatening to complain to the manager. Two days later the Turk was in Varna, inquiring for the superintendent of the railway. He found his way to the office, and was announced by a servant as "One great big pasha; he come see you, sare." It was not until after the injured pasha had seated himself that he discovered before him the very man whom he had to complain of. The interview is reported by the guilty party. In a rage the Turk turned to his servant and said: "Eshek(ass), you have made a mistake!" "Yes, Effendi, I have—but they said this was the head man of the iron road." "Pah, pig, hold your tongue." Then, coldly turning to me, he said that he wished to speak in private to the manager of the railway. I at once asked my assistant to leave the room, but the pasha stopped him, and asked: "Who is the manager here?" I said: "I am, and I shall be most happy if I can be of service to you." The pasha gave a low whistle, and then, beginning to grin, said: "True! Then I have made a mistake. I called to complain to you of your own conduct the day before yesterday, and was going to ask for your dismissal. What shall I do now!" "Have coffee and a cigarette, and believe me it was only the utter impossibility of doing as you wished that forced me to leave you on the road."

Manitou Resort, Lake Nipissing.

These islands, unequalled for their picturesque beauty and the fine bass fishing around them, are now thrown open to the public. Beautiful camp sites are free to parties preferring to camp. A private steam yacht runs twice daily to North Bay, five miles distant. The finest bathing beach in Canada extends for a quarter of a mile in front of house and camping grove. An excursion leaves Toronto on July 31, for North Bay. For further particulars write to Manager "Manitou," North Bay P. O.

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and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ALLAN—At Hamilton, on July 31, Mrs. J. G. Allan—a daughter.

MACDOUGALL—At Toronto, on August 1, Mrs. MacDougall—a son.

SIEVERT—At Toronto, on July 29, Mrs. John A. Sievert—a son.

WHITE—At Toronto, on July 28, Mrs. Stuart White—a son, still born.

RADCLIFFE—At Toronto, on August 3, Mrs. William Radcliffe—twin girls.

MCCALLUM—At Owen Sound, on August 1, Mrs. J. F. McCallum—a daughter.

HASTINGS—At Toronto, on August 6, Mrs. C. J. Hastings—a son.

MCILVENNY—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. J. W. McIlvenny—a daughter.

PROCTOR—At Toronto, on August 3, Mrs. William Proctor—a son.

REID—At Toronto, on August 4, Mrs. George P. Reid—a daughter.

HAMILTON—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton—a son.

WARWICK—At Toronto, on July 25, Mrs. John Warwick—a son.

PARKHILL—At Toronto, on August 2, Mrs. A. E. Parkhill—a son.

MILLS—At Ridgetown, on August 3, Mrs. N. Mills—a daughter.

PATTERSON—At Toronto, on August 4, Mrs. R. L. Patterson—a son.

Marriages.

RUTHERFORD—MCFARLANE—At St. Thomas' church, on August 6, by Rev. J. C. Roper, rector, R. Percival Rutherford, youngest son of the late E. H. Rutherford Northfield, Toronto, to Edith Arnoldi, only daughter of John M. McFarlane, grand niece of the late Right Rev. Duncan McFarlane, D.D., LL.D., of Glasgow Cathedral, Principal of Glasgow University, and of Dr. McFarlane of the same city.

BROWN—HANDBIDGE—At Toronto, on July 30, Arthur D. Brown to Sadie Hanbidge.

MCLEOD—MCPHERSON—At Kincardine, on July 30, Rev. A J. McLeod of Medicine Hat, Assa., to Lillie McPherson.

POUND—CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on July 31, Ernest G. Pound to Minnie Campbell.

PELL—BARNES—At Toronto, on July 30, H. Sutton Pell to Louise Barnes.

ROSE—AUSTIN—At Montreal, on July 31, John B. Rose to Charlotte De Clare Austin.

WILLIAMSON—FOSTER—At Toronto, on July 31, John Burton Williamson of Selkirk, Scotland, to Minnie Foster.

SCOTT—MCBRIDE—At Toronto, on July 29, David H. Scott to Mabel McBride.

Deaths.

BAUGHMAN—Drowned while bathing at Stoney Lake on August 1st, F. W. Baughman, Disciple Minister of Bowmanville, age 27 years. Much lamented by a large circle of friends.

CASSELS—At Toronto, on July 31, W. G. Cassels, aged 79 years.

GRANT—At Toronto, on August 5, Lewis Grant, aged 22 years.

KENNEDY—At Guelph, on August 5, Mrs. David Kennedy, aged 56 years.

RUSSELL—At Brantford, on July 3, Mrs. Robert Russell, aged 67 years.

BUTLER—At Toronto, on August 3, Thomas Butler, aged 21 years.

NAPOLITANO—At Toronto, on July 30, Mrs. E. Napolitano, aged 29 years.

WILSON—At Toronto, on August 1, Violet Edna Wilson, aged 1 year.

ATKINSON—At Toronto, on August 2, Thomas Atkinson, aged 1 year.

AIKEN—At Toronto, on August 3, Jane Eliza Aiken, aged 17 years.

DOYLE—At Toronto, on August 2, Patrick Doyle, aged 46 years.

ROGERS—Alma Mary, infant daughter of M. J. and A. C. Rogers.

COPLAND—At Toronto, on August 3, Charles Arthur Montague Copland, aged 9 months.

HITCHCOCK—At Toronto, on August 5, Mrs. Caroline Hitchcock, aged 82 years.

MORSE—At Toronto, on August 5, Victoria May Morse, aged 5 months.

RISEBROUGH—At Newtonbrook, on August 4, Mrs. John H. Risebrough, aged 29 years.

BRIGGS—At Parkdale, on August 3, Gertrude Mander Best Briggs.

CREELMAN—On August 3, Laura Cumming Creelman, aged 1 year.

MCGEARY—At Toronto, on August 3, Willie McGeary.

STURROCK—At Niagara-on-the-Lake, on August 4, Lizzie Sturrock.

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